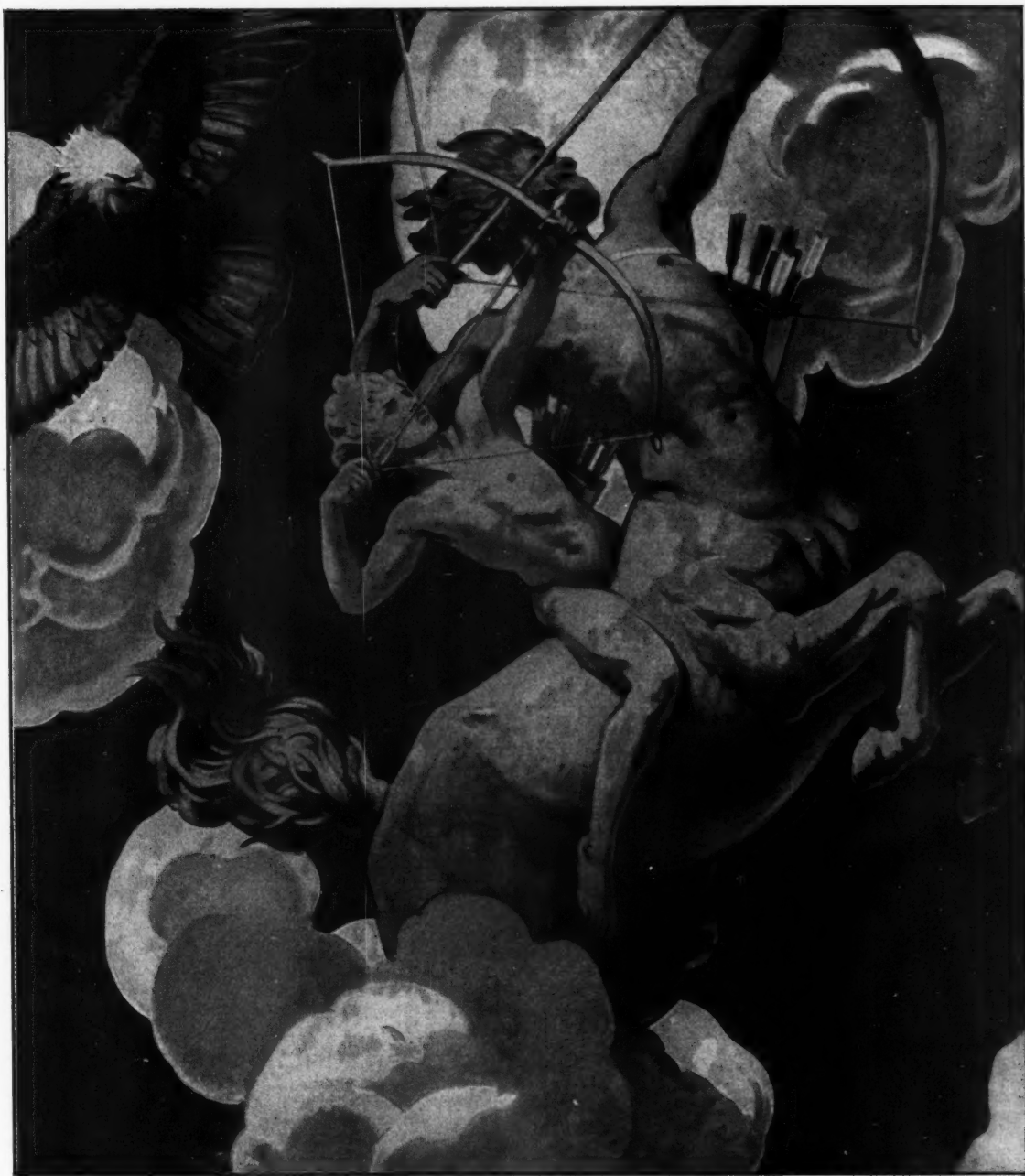


Hundredth Year

April 1, 1926

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



Copyright by, and by courtesy of, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

CHIRON AND ACHILLES

By John Singer Sargent

10 cents a copy

PERRY MASON COMPANY

\$2.00 a year

A Promise Fulfilled

To carry through one of the greatest expansion programs in automobile history, Dodge Brothers, Inc. invested more than \$10,000,000 in new buildings and advanced new equipment.

Remarkable new mechanical processes were perfected, making it possible, in many instances, for one machine to do the work formerly done by six, eight and ten machines—and do it better.

Making it possible, too, for one man more quickly and accurately to do the work of many. And clearing large areas of factory space for greater output.

Tremendous increases in production have followed. Vast economies have followed. Finer precision in craftsmanship has followed. Vital improvements in Dodge Brothers Motor Cars have followed—and, as promised, astonishingly low new prices made possible by these gigantic developments.

Your share in this great investment is the money you save by purchasing, *at the lowest price*, the finest vehicle ever produced by Dodge Brothers.

A DODGE BROTHERS
TOURING CAR, AT

\$795!
F. O. B. DETROIT

Roadster - - - -	\$795
Coupe - - - -	\$845
Sedan - - - -	\$895

F. O. B. DETROIT

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 13

The Scratches on the Glass

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

Chapter I. At the Old Plantation Home

WITH the Italian sunlight shining brightly on her cotton-white hair, large horn-rimmed spectacles perched on her nose, an ear-trumpet in one hand and a walking-stick in the other, Miss Blanche Morgan came hobbling in to breakfast one fair May morning.

"Why, hello!" ejaculated Major Morgan from the foot of the table in the little room whose windows looked out on the blue bay of Naples. "What's this?"

"I'm feeling very old and feeble today," explained Miss Blanche in a weak and trembling voice. "It will take a mighty nice birthday present to restore my youth and beauty."

The family started up from their seats and rushed upon her.

"To think that I should have forgotten it is your birthday!" cried Mrs. Morgan in self-reproach.

"Poor old lady!" said Nancy Morgan. "If I had remembered how ancient you are, I would have come to offer you my arm down that long corridor."

"Do you think a little money will make you feel younger?" asked the Major, taking his checkbook from his pocket and uncapping his fountain pen.

At sight of the checkbook old Miss Blanche perked right up. "Oh, fine!" she cried. "I prophesy I shall lose a year for every dollar."

"You'll have to make your years cheaper than that," insisted the Major. "You must sell them to me at—say—a quarter each, or we can't do business. Will that do? All right then, here you are!"

He wrote out a check for twenty dollars and handed it across the table. And the old decrepit lady, who must have been at least ninety-six, underwent an immediate and startling transformation. The cotton-white hair came off and disclosed a bobbed brown mop; the horn-rimmed spectacles were removed from a pair of keen dark eyes which evidently needed no assistance in order to see perfectly; the bent back straightened, stick and trumpet were laid aside, and a girl of sixteen beamed all round on her assembled family.

"You are not the first person from whose shoulders I've seen the years roll off when handed a check," remarked the Major in amusement. "I've always believed that the Fountain of Youth old Ponce de Leon was looking for in the sixteenth century was not a spring at all but just yellow Indian gold. And speaking of Indians reminds me—though you'll wonder why it should!—that I have a piece of news for you that comes in nicely as a birthday surprise and may cause you to lose a few more years of your ponderous age."

"Oh, no, dad, don't make her lose any more years," protested Nancy. "We don't want to turn her into a howling infant."

"Especially as we already have one in the family," Blanche said pointedly with a glance at the speaker.

"Well, we'll try the experiment and see what it will do," said the Major. "We are leaving Naples the first of June and—"

Three faces fell. His wife and his daughters did not want to leave the little apartment They so seldom went back to their native land that a trip thither had become a great



The Major gave a startled exclamation. "Why, that's my house!" he cried

where they had been so comfortable all winter. Not that they were particularly fond of Naples, but they had begun to feel almost at home in the city, and it was seldom in their wandering lives that they had stayed long enough in any one place to feel at home. Major Morgan was full of *Wanderlust*, and his little family had been forced to lead restless lives. Never had they received his command to "move on" with acclaim, and they could not understand why he should think it would be good news this time. Blanche even picked up her white wig as if to indicate that the announcement was adding to instead of subtracting from her weight of years.

"You haven't heard yet where we are going," the Major said, still smiling. "Maybe you'll like the place. We are going to spend the summer in—America!"

It was indeed a startling announcement.

and glowing novelty. To Mrs. Morgan and the girls no other destination could have given such unaffected delight, and the Major had known it. It was pleasant to see their faces brighten, and Blanche really did lose another ten years from her age and become a shrieking kid.

"But, dad," cried Nancy when the tumult had subsided a little, "why did you say that the mention of Indians reminded you that you are taking us to America for the summer? Surely you don't associate America with Indians at this late day?"

"Ah, now we touch upon the core of the matter I have to discuss with you!" replied her father. "Indians really come into it. In Georgia I possess a queer old house that was built by Cherokee Indians before the Cherokee Nation was exiled from that state in 1838. My grandfather won it in the great lottery by means of which the Cherokee

lands were distributed to the white men after the dispossession. He also won the plantation on which the house stood but which was sold soon after the Civil War; there is now only a small estate about the house, which stands on the edge of a small town. This old house, where I was born and reared and where my father was born and reared before me, has been closed since my mother's death twenty years ago. She loved the old place and would never leave it while

she lived. When she died I just locked it up and left it. Recently I've received several good offers for the land, so I'm going to return to Georgia this summer and see about getting rid of the old place. The money I've had to pay out in taxes could have been put to much better use. We might all spend the summer in the old house as a sort of farewell to the home of my childhood before it's torn down and a factory goes up in its place. How about it? Do you think you can endure a summer in a queer old house built by a Cherokee Indian chief and said to be haunted by the ghosts of the red men who were driven out of it at the point of the bayonet during the dreadful dispossession of 1838? The mysteries and legends which center in that old house would make quite a book if anybody chose to write them down! But whether we can live in the house after twenty years of disuse is of course uncertain. When mother died it was in good condition, but I've never seen it since. Are you willing to take the chance?"

ANY doubts he might have were immediately set at rest. His wife and daughters were highly pleased with the prospect.

"Is there any furniture in the house?" Mrs. Morgan asked, though she would have been willing to camp in the roughest fashion under any roof that was truly her own. She had lived all her married life in leased apartments.

"All my mother's furniture is there," explained the Major. "I believe I had sense enough to put the silver in a bank vault, but everything else is untouched—or ought to be. I locked the door, had the windows boarded up, and came away—twenty years ago!"

Questions rattled round him like hailstones. Mrs. Morgan had known of the existence of this old home of her husband's, but if the girls had ever heard of it before they had forgotten. What did it look like? Had it really been built by Indians? What were the mysteries and legends about it that would fill a book? Was it actually haunted by Indian ghosts? Had he ever seen the ghosts when he was a boy?

"I thought all Indians lived in wigwams," said Nancy. "It seems queer to hear that they ever built big brick houses."

"I'm afraid you girls know the history of every country in Europe better than that of your own," said their father. "But it's never too late to mend. Nancy, the whole northwestern section of the State of Georgia belonged to the Cherokee Indians until 1835, and they reflected enough of the civilization of the white men to become a

thriving nation. They had a very good government founded on a constitution of their own; they built houses of wood and brick, laid off plantations which were worked by their negro slaves, started schools and newspapers and were altogether a very prosperous community. One of their number invented an alphabet which made it possible to write their language, and all in all they were on the road to a great civilization. Then came the exile!"

The Major hesitated and sighed. "I don't pretend to know the right and wrong of that matter," he said slowly. "Some people say it was a stigma on the honor of Georgia, and others declare that it was absolutely necessary and that Georgia was more than justified in what it did. Certainly the white people of the state had a great deal to put up with from their Indian neighbors. The red man would not submit to the laws of the white man, and so Georgia had a foreign government within its borders. All the outlaws, murderers and thieves fled into the Cherokee nation for protection from justice, and there was no way to get them out. The bickering between the two governments was constant and promised to hinder all the peace and progress of the state. So Georgia finally persuaded the Federal government in Washington to send the Indians to the West. And in 1838 they were dispossessed of all their property in Georgia. It has always seemed to me that the soldiers sent to evict the Cherokees behaved in a manner that can never be condoned. They drove the red men off their lands as one might drive a herd of cattle out of a pasture. They surprised them at their dinner tables or in the fields at work. They took the women from their spinning and cooking and the children from their play. First they drove the captives into stockades and then made them take the long march westward. Scores sickened and died on the trail. And before the Indians were out of sight of their former homes a rabble of lawless white men were looting the houses and driving off the stock. It was worse, I think, than the exile of the Acadians from Nova Scotia."

"Did any of the Indians ever come back to wreak vengeance on the white men?" asked Blanche.

"That was hardly possible. But the Indian chiefs who signed the treaty by which the United States government attempted to justify the exile were all assassinated by their own people. My grandmother often told me when I was a child that she had been really terrified at the idea of living in an Indian house and hadn't wanted to move there when her husband told her he had won a plantation in the big land lottery that followed the exile. Grandmother said she was afraid the former Indian owner had set some sort of trap to revenge himself on the white man who succeeded him. She said it was a long time before she could drink the well water on the place without fearing poison."

"But nothing happened?" asked Nancy.
"Nothing at all. My father was born in the old Indian house and grew up there,

brought his bride there, and there I first saw the light. The tranquillity of my parents' lives was broken into by the Civil War but never by Indians. There are, however, any number of old tales of Indian ghosts haunting the place and of Indian gold buried about the house in secret places known only to the Cherokees and never revealed to the white men. We often looked for that fabled gold when I was a youngster. The years following the Civil War were very hard ones; to have discovered a chest of Indian treasure would have been highly desirable. But we found nothing of the sort. We were never even able to decipher the mysterious scratches on the windowpane in the parlor, which are popularly supposed to disclose the whereabouts of the hidden gold."

"The scratches on the windowpane?" repeated Blanche.

"Do you think a little money
will make you feel younger?"
asked the Major



Her father laughed and rose from the table. "I shan't tell you another thing," he declared. "Wait and see for yourself. There's not a doubt that you'll find the old Indian house interesting, but that you'll find it comfortable I don't guarantee. It's as devoid of all modern conveniences as when the red chief moved out of it at the point of a bayonet."

THERE was one member of the Morgan family who was not present at that breakfast table in Italy on Blanche's sixteenth birthday. The two girls had a brother a little older than themselves who was at school in the United States. They planned to pick him up in New York on their way to Georgia; there was little doubt that he would be as glad to spend his summer holidays in his own country as his mother and sisters were. They were all tired of Europe. The Major was the only member of his family who never seemed to tire of globe-trotting.

Getting ready to move out of their furnished apartment in Italy was not difficult for the Morgans. To quote Nancy, it was "sinfully easy!" For they had never allowed themselves to accumulate any of those little personal treasures that make moving a task for people of more settled ways of life. Even the number of books they carried about with them was rigidly limited. And Blanche and Nancy had never been permitted to fill their rooms with the pretty pillows and fancy work that girls love. Rolling stones can't gather moss when moving charges are so high!

Sailing from Naples on the first of June, Major and Mrs. Morgan and their daughters greeted the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor at the season when most American tourists are bidding it farewell. But the girls and their mother felt profound pity for

with us in the haunted house." Frank turned to the handsome dark boy beside him.

"If you don't want me, Mrs. Morgan, just say so," said Gilbert, but with a smile that would have won him an invitation from the most hard-hearted hostess. "To tell the truth, I asked Frank to invite me. His stories about that old house in Georgia sounded almost too good to be true."

Of course Gilbert was most cordially urged to come with them if he liked. They did not know what sort of accommodations they would have to put up with, but if he was willing to take a chance with them he was very welcome. The trip was largely a business affair (a matter of disposing of land, a house and antique furniture to the best advantage), but they were certainly going to make summer as pleasant as they possibly could.

A WEEK later the Morgan party, which included Gilbert Kent, had reached Atlanta, had purchased a new automobile and were preparing to start in the car for the little mountain town of Monkshood, near which stood the Major's old Indian house. The weather was bad. Rain and cold winds were marring the month of June, and the roads were abominable. But there was no direct way to reach Monkshood on the train, and as they were all in a hurry to get to their destination they decided to risk a hard journey and started off at early dawn on a morning that looked as if it might be clear.

The sun really did shine for a while, but by noon the skies were gray again, by afternoon they were dull gray, and by five o'clock they were black with clouds. The threatened storm broke in all its fury while the motor party was still several miles from Monkshood.

"We can't go on," said the Major to Frank, who was driving. "Not over a road like this in such a deluge. I had hoped we could reach the hotel in town before those clouds opened."

"Have you any idea where we are, dad?" asked Frank, attempting to read the road map by the light of an electric torch. "Any place round here where we can take refuge?"

"Not a notion! I'm completely turned round. Everything seems to have changed since I was a boy."

"Yonder's a house," said Nancy, straining her eyes. "An awful run-down-looking place, though, with a yard full of weeds."

The Major gave a startled exclamation. "Why, that's my house!" he cried. "That's dear old Thronateska—to give it the name the plantation used to bear. How extraordinary! We'll have to take shelter there before the place has been cleaned up or aired or anything. I hadn't anticipated such an exigency!"

"Got the key, dad?" asked Frank.
"Yes, here on my key ring. It's been there twenty years."

"Then I vote to get in out of the wet." Frank turned the car into the weed-grown driveway. The old house looked haunted.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Better than a Cutlass

By RALPH D. PAINE

Illustrated by HEMAN FAY, JR.

THE exploits of Lieut. Joshua Barney in the privateer Pomona in 1779 and his escape from an English prison had made him famous among the seaboard colonies. Whoever shipped with him had small chance of idle cruising. Sixteen-year-old Seth Hand knew that well when in April, 1782,—seven months before the surrender of Cornwallis brought the Revolution to a close,—he signed the articles on Barney's vessel, the Hyder Ally, which was commissioned by the Pennsylvania Legislature to convoy merchantmen as far as the Capes of Delaware.

Nor was he wrong. No sooner had he found his hammock number on the gun-deck of the tall-sided Hyder Ally than he noticed a discipline and smartness such as he had not known on the schooner Spitfire, his only previous berth. Soon the vessel was dropping down the Delaware with a whole-sail breeze in the wake of the merchant fleet which she guarded.

There was but little rest during the next three days. Lieutenant Barney was busy with the huge task of welding together a new crew into an efficient fighting force, and the

crowded decks fairly hummed with boarding, gun and fire drills and small-arms practice. Even at night the battle lanterns, swung from the hewn deck-beams, cast dancing shadows among the sweating men who toiled with crowbars and tackle around the clumsy gun carriages of those days.

Shortly after noon of the fourth day out the Hyder Ally was standing off the mouth of Delaware Bay, almost ready to send her convoy to sea, when her officers discovered two strange sail rounding Cape May point. At once a string of signal flags fluttered from the rigging of the Hyder Ally, telling her merchant vessels to retreat up the bay as fast as possible.

Hauling his ship on the wind to meet the strangers, Barney endeavored to protect the flight of his convoy as best he could. The strange vessels were British privateers

beyond a doubt, and it appeared as if the Hyder Ally must be ready to fight them both. But the smaller of the two had no notion of engaging. She gave the Hyder Ally a harmless broadside in passing and pressed on after the fleeing merchantmen. Barney stood out toward the open sea to meet the more formidable of the enemy's ships, which he had recognized as the General Monk.

Between-decks aboard the Hyder Ally, Seth Hand, barefooted and stripped to the waist, stepped aside from the breech of his piece to let the gun-captain depress the muzzle until it bore full on the hull of the General Monk, whose row of cannon was staring at them scarcely more than shouting distance away. The boy's heart was in his mouth. This was to be his first taste of hammer-and-tongs fighting, and it seemed

to him as if the opening broadside from the General Monk must tear through the oak timbers of his own vessel and rend her to bits.

Somebody on deck shouted on order; it was passed along below, and the gunners stood on tiptoe, blowing their lighted matches, waiting tensely for the fateful word.

"Fire!" roared a powerful voice, and the Hyder Ally trembled to the roaring shock of her own broadside. Her men could hear the thud of the solid shot as they crashed into the side of the General Monk, and they were so close that they heard also the yells of wrath and anguish from the stricken British seamen. A moment later the return broadside smote the Hyder Ally, and a shot tore through her gun deck and killed a man forward.

ON deck Barney was trying to handle his ship so that he might come to grips with the enemy and board her under cover of the smoke from these opening broadsides. But he saw that the crew of the General Monk was also making ready to board, and the

quick wit of the American evolved a stratagem on the instant. The ships were closing together so rapidly that their yards threatened to interlock when Barney ran across the quarter-deck and told the brace of sturdy New England seamen at the wheel: "When I give the next order, do not do what I say, but do precisely the opposite thing. Execute the order backward—do you understand?"

They grinned and nodded, unflinching amid the hurricane of small-arms fire from the enemy's tops. Barney shouted in a resonant voice which easily carried to the decks of the General Monk: "Larboard your helm, your helm. Do you want him to run us down and foul us? Hard a-larboard and keep out of his way, I tell you."

The British officers heard and maneuvered so as to meet this movement of the American ship. But the Yankee helmsmen threw their wheel hard down to starboard instead of port, and Captain Rodgers was caught napping for once. Instead of keeping out of the way, the Hyder Ally swung round, and her fore-rigging caught the jib boom of the General Monk and held her in a position which exposed her to a deadly and raking fire from the American broadside. The baffled Englishman, fairly outwitted, ordered his boarding party to muster forward, but the defense rallied with so much spirit that the British seamen were beaten back with heavy loss.

Meanwhile a solid shot had crashed through the port where Seth Hand was toiling with the crew of the six-pounder. It struck the gun carriage, dismounted the gun and stretched two men in mortal agony. Seth Hand was unhurt, but his occupation was gone. He helped a wounded comrade as far as the cockpit and ran back to find where else he might be of service.

Just then one of the lieutenants came below, shouting that men who could handle a musket were needed in the tops. A few moments later Seth found himself scrambling up the rigging and flattening himself against the shrouds as the musket balls from the General Monk whined past his ears. The battle had become largely a small-arms fight, and Seth joined a trio of Pennsylvania backwoodsmen who had never smelt salt water before but who had been famous hunters of bear and deer. One of them called to him: "Say, younker, do you see that Britisher in the green coat on the deck? Watch him jump."

The rifleman fired, and the man in the green coat toppled in a heap.

"That's four of 'em I've bagged already," drawled the sharpshooter. "But there's some good shots over yonder—and, by the Great Horn Spoon, here's one of 'em!" he yelled as he wrung his hand, from which the blood was dripping. "There goes my thumb, and I guess I'm through shootin' for today."

SO furious was the musketry fire that the men in the maintop with Seth feared that they might run short of ammunition, and the boy volunteered to go below and fetch them more powder and ball. He was amazed to see Lieutenant Barney standing on top of the binnacle on the quarter-deck, the boldest possible target for the riflemen who crowded the tops of the General Monk. He was a gallant figure of a sea-fighter, but his bravery was fairly appalling and his officers were trying in vain to persuade him to forsake his station on the binnacle. Seth Hand halted to ask one of them where he might find more ammunition for his comrades aloft, but before a man could be sent forward with him a round shot struck the binnacle, fairly plucked it up by the roots and hurled the reckless Barney a dozen feet away on deck. The officers rushed to pick him up, but he scrambled to his feet, smiling and unhurt. With a cheer on his lips Seth resumed his journey to the small-arms magazine. After filling the spare powderhorns which he had strung around his neck, and pouring into an empty sack a heavy weight of bullets, he started for the open deck. But before he reached the ladder that led through the hatchway he chanced to see a figure skulking in the shadows as if trying to hide away aft. Seth's eyes blazed, and, forgetting his errand for a moment, he snatched up a crowbar that had been cast aside and made for the coward at full speed, brandishing his heavy weapon as he ran.

From the tail of his eye the coward saw the crowbar swing within a foot of his shoulder as he blindly scampered aft until he had invaded the sacred precincts of the quarter-deck. Lieutenant Barney glared



Seth's eyes blazed, and he snatched up a crowbar. "Mr. Scull," roared Barney, "see that this chicken-hearted cur is stationed where the enemy's bullets will comb his hair!"

with puzzled surprise at the panting fugitive and the powder-grimed lad with the crowbar whose neck was girt with rattling powder-horns. Then the commander leaped forward with a grim smile and twinkling eye and, crossing the path of the coward, dealt him so hard a blow on the jaw that he rolled into the scuppers.

"Mr. Scull," roared Barney, "see that this chicken-hearted cur is stationed where the enemy's bullets will comb his hair! And if he fights well, he may save himself from a hempen neck-cloth at the end of a yardarm."

The skulker was led toward the forward top, while Seth Hand, feeling that he had made a fool of himself, tried to slip away toward the main shrouds, where he belonged. As he retreated Lieutenant Barney called after him: "If you are as handy with a cutlass as you seem to be with a crowbar, Mr. Scull will remember to pick you for the

boarding party." Seth was relieved at escaping a scathing reprimand. He dropped the crowbar by the bulwark and hurried to his post.

His return to the maintop was greeted with a cheer from his comrades, who feared that he might have been wounded during his pilgrimage below. They welcomed his reserve supply of ammunition, and so effectively was their fire renewed with Seth as a reinforcement that the little band in this top alone almost cleared the deck of the General Monk of her remaining officers.

The engagement had lasted almost half an hour. Captain Rodgers of the British privateer could be seen limping from one part of his ship to another, his foot bound in bloody rags. His seamen were making desperate attempts to clear their ship from the deadly grip of the Hyder Ally. His signal flags were calling to the frigate Quebec to come



"Let 'em have the crowbar, boys. Aim for their foreshets, and we'll give 'em a dose of Barney's medicine!"

to his aid, but she was hull-down, and the wind was dying away to a cat's-paw breeze. He could expect no help from that quarter. From the tops of the Hyder Ally it could be seen that fully half of the British crew were dead or wounded, while aboard the American no more than a dozen men had been put out of action.

Forward a fierce combat was raging where the seamen of the General Monk were trying to cut away their entangled rigging so that she could make sail. Presently there floated aft a ringing British cheer, and Barney saw with dismay that the General Monk had finally cleared her jib boom. If she could trim enough sail so that her broadside could be brought to bear, the battle might be renewed and the issue delayed until the British frigate might take a hand in the game. This would mean disaster to the Hyder Ally. Even Seth Hand was enough of a seaman to grasp the situation in all its gravity. The General Monk was steadily falling off, and already her headsails were drawing full as they pulled her bow until she began to gather way.

"We are of tarnation small use now," growled one of the backwoodsmen in the maintop. "The skipper ought to bring his six-pounders in play and cut her rigging to pieces, or she will get away from us. Now is the time for Barney to think quick."

While Seth Hand stared at the General Monk an order shouted from below made him slide down the shrouds in mad haste to reach the gun-deck. As he leaped from the shattered bulwark he spied the crowbar where he had dropped it. Like a flash he recalled a famous story of Barney's fight in the Pomona.

HE caught up the crowbar and ran below, his face ablaze with eager excitement. He found a gun crew busy with a six-pounder amidships, trying to bring it to bear on the rigging of the foe. Without halting for explanation, the lad leaped astride the gun with the agility of a cat, swarmed out along the muzzle until his slim body had wriggled through the open port and he was hanging over the sea, one arm around the heated gun, the other clutching the precious crowbar. With a swing that wrenched his back and made him grunt with pain he jammed the heavy iron bar down the throat of the six-pounder, clawed himself erect and waved his free hand with a yell of triumph. Scrambling inboard, he shouted to the gun-crew:

"Let 'em have it, boys. Aim for their foreshets, and we'll give 'em a dose of Barney's medicine!"

The gun-captain glanced along the breech, and a moment later it leaped to the shock of the discharge. There was a whizzing, screaming roar outside as the strange missile whirled through the air with a noise all its own. The gunners stared through the port with mouths agape. Nor could they believe their eyes when they saw the foremast of the General Monk totter, sway and crash overside dragging with it all the forward sails. The British privateer lay a helpless hulk while the remnant of her crew rushed forward in a vain effort to clear away the wreckage.

Lieutenant Barney huzzied as he saw that victory was in his grasp. His own sail-trimmers rushed to their stations, and the head-sheets of the Hyder Ally were hauled to windward until she began to fill away, and once more she was grinding alongside the General Monk. Now it was "call away the boarders" in deadly earnest, and Captain Rodgers realized that he could no longer hope to defend his ship in a fight on his own decks. Every officer of his, excepting one midshipman, was killed or wounded, and fewer than half his men were unhurt. With a groan of tortured pride he ordered the lone midshipman to haul down the red ensign of old England in token of surrender.

From below came the clamor of uproarious cheering, and he thanked God that so many of his men were left alive to cheer.

Presently there rushed on deck a shouting, struggling group of seamen who bore aloft among them a lad who was frantically trying to escape this sudden notoriety. Lieutenant Barney stepped to the break of the poop to find out the reason for this jubilant little riot. One of the gunners roared to the world at large: "It was the younker with the crowbar that made hash of the Britisher's foremast. He's the lad that saved the day."

"The lad with the crowbar?" muttered Barney. "What has he been doing now?"

Then the commander recalled the incident that Seth had remembered—how on the Pomona he had fired a crowbar.

Oh, Those Boys!

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL

I N looking over a trunkful of old almanacs I pulled out the one for 1834 at a venture. That was the year after "the stars fell" in November, causing many people to believe the end of the world to be at hand, as predicted in the Bible. Some one had scrawled, "Oh, those boys!" opposite the date of January 24. Just below, at January 27, in the same hand, was written, "I can't do a thing with them!" And again, at February 12, "Oh, those awful boys! I guess they'll break their necks yet!"

I went to ask Gram about it and showed her the notes. She sat at the lightstand darning socks; the Old Squire was looking over the farm accounts. "That isn't your handwriting, Gram," I said. "Who wrote it, and what 'awful boys' were those?"

Gram glanced at me over the top of her glasses with a queer smile. "Those boys were Edmund and Coville," she said. "That was your Uncle Coville, Halstead's father, and Edmund was your father."

"Was my dad such an awful boy?"

"In many of your ways you remind me often of him."

"But who wrote that?" I asked, hastily changing the subject. "Who said that about them?"

"It appears to be in Olive Witham's handwriting. I was away from home at the time. She was here keeping house and caring for things. That was the winter Joseph—your grandfather—went as Representative to the new state capital, at Augusta, and I went with him."

The Old Squire looked up.

"Then you once went as Representative to the Legislature, sir?" I said. "I never heard it mentioned before."

"At that time we hadn't many men qualified for law-makers," the Old Squire replied deprecatingly. "I didn't feel really fit for the office, but some of the voters wanted me to take it."

"Hear him talk!" exclaimed Gram. "Every one of them voted for him!"

"So you went, too, Gram, to help him legislate, I suppose," I said.

"No, indeed. I went for a good time. I hadn't had a vacation for ten years, and I thought if Joe was going to have an easy time all winter, sitting round in the State House, I would have one, too. Augusta is a nice place. I had a splendid time that winter."

"Sister Edwards went with us. My brother-in-law, Jonathan, had gone up-country to the lumber woods, getting out ship-timber. So sister and I chipped in our butter-and-egg money and hired Olive Witham to look after things at both our homes, while we went off with Joe to Augusta."

"But what did the boys do that was so awful?" I asked. "How old were they then?"

"Coville was twelve, in his thirteenth year, and Edmund was going on eleven; and their cousin Jotham Edwards, who was with them a good deal that winter, was not quite a year older than Coville. As to what they did, you might ask Aunt Olive Witham about that. She was here throughout the winter and wrote me about the boys at times. She is coming here tomorrow, to do spinning for me."

The most I could obtain from Aunt Olive, however, was a vehement declaration that she never passed such a winter in all her life, before or since. "They got so they would not mind me at all!" she exclaimed. "There was a school at the new schoolhouse; but I couldn't make them go. They said they had to stay at home to take care of the cattle at the two barns and break a two-year-old colt that Coville called him. They pretended, too, that their folks wanted them to cut and draw firewood to the house door—though I knew better. That colt wasn't old enough to be broken. I told them so. But harness him they would, and they took a good harness all to pieces to make it small enough to hitch him up to a large handsled. They wanted to haul wood with him. I expected nothing but that the colt would kill them. He was a great, headstrong creature. They

couldn't hold him, and he ran away with them more than twenty times! I told them they would spoil the colt, letting him get away so much. But they were bent on harnessing him every day. Then all three of them would get on that sled and start for the woods on the gallop."

Aunt Olive was growing excited over her recollections of that long-ago winter. I was getting more family history than I had bargained for and tried to divert her thoughts; but I couldn't stop her.

"At last I got me a big stick," said she. "I told them they shouldn't harness that colt again. They did. I called them into the house and told them to take off their jackets. But when I began to whip Coville, all three of them rushed at me like little tigers; and in spite of all I could do they got my stick away from me, broke it up, then ran out and thumbed their sassy noses at me through the window! I thought I'd starve them into minding me. 'If you dare to harness that colt again,' said I, 'you shall have no more food in this house.'"

"THEY went right out and harnessed him; and when noon came I shut the house door in their faces. But along in the afternoon I heard a little noise in the pantry and found Jote Edwards in there handing out every thing he could lay his hands on, through the open window, to Coville and Edmund. Jote rushed out past me before I could grab him, and then they sat on the wood-pile and ate and called me names. That night I wrote to your grandmother in Augusta and told her just how those boys were behaving. 'I can't do anything with them,' I wrote. 'You had better come home if you want to see them alive—or me either.'"

Aunt Olive rushed back to her spinning and made the old wheel hum noisily.

"Did you come back home, Gram?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said placidly. "Olive was young then. It was plain she hadn't much faculty for managing boys of that age. Sister and I thought the boys were holding their own pretty well with her."

Suddenly Aunt Olive rushed back to us from her wheel, still much wrought up.

"No, they didn't come back!" she exclaimed. "But I guess they would if they had known what was going to happen there a few days after that."

"Yes, I suppose we would," admitted Gram. "That was really serious."



The sled brought up against a tree, and the colt ran on, leaving Jote and Coville and Edmund wrecked beyond all description

"'Serious!' I should think it was!" Aunt Olive cried. "They started for the woods that morning with the sled and colt on the run. 'Go it if you must,' I said to myself. 'At least I've done my duty. I've warned their folks.'"

"I went to the door once in a while to listen. It was a bleak day. I could hear axe strokes out in the lot, and about ten o'clock I heard the crash of a tree falling. It came noon, and they did not come to their dinner; and about two o'clock I went to the woods to see what had become of them. They weren't there; but a tremendous big tree they had tried to fell lay partly down, lodged against another. The colt and sled weren't there, either. But I could see by the tracks that they had come back to the highway and gone off somewhere on the road that led to the Corners and the village, at the foot of the lake. Where they were, what they had gone for, I couldn't imagine, but thought it might be to get the sled mended at the blacksmith's shop at the Corners."

"So I came back to the house and waited. It came on night, and I had all the farm chores to do alone. But I didn't begin to get really scared about them till eight o'clock in the evening. Then I knew something must have happened to them, or they would have come home for their supper. So I rigged up, lighted a lantern and started off along the road to the Corners to look them up. 'Twas a bitter night, and it had begun to spit snow. The boys had gone off in the morning with only their jackets on. I went to the blacksmith's shop. They weren't there, but the blacksmith said he had seen them go by the shop with the colt on the run, just before noon. He guessed they had gone to the village, six miles. Then I went back home and almost froze before I got there. They didn't come all night. What to do I didn't know. I was scared half to death about them!"

In fact Aunt Olive's account became so panicky and diffuse, that it is better to give just the substance of it.

AFTER going to the woods that morning with sled and colt, the boys started to fell a big basswood tree, the biggest one in that part of the wood lot. It would appear that they wanted to make a record for size of tree that day. They liked basswood, for it is a soft wood, and their axes were none too sharp. They began the scarf right enough for felling the tree in a certain desirable

direction; but the tree was so large that they finally cut all round it, as beavers gnaw; and in consequence, after they had hacked at it for two hours or more, the tree fell off sideways across a little brook and partly lodged on the top of a red oak, nearly breaking the latter down. The resilient oak top, however, rebounded upward with such force that the great basswood "kicked back"—as lumbermen say—off its stump for twelve or fifteen feet. Jote, who with the other boys stood behind the stump, watching the tree fall, was knocked sprawling and caught partly under the huge trunk. It would have crushed and killed him had he not fallen between two large tree roots, lying partly out of the ground, which bore the brunt of the shock.

Jote yelled from fright and pain, and for a moment the two younger boys stood appalled. Valiantly then they took hold of his arms and tried to pull him from beneath the log. Failing in this, they began scraping and chopping out the snow and earth under his body with their axes and hands; and they worked to such good purpose that at length they hauled him out.

But Jote couldn't get up. One of his legs, the left, stuck out sideways at nearly right angles to the other! The weight of the tree had pressed the head of the thigh bone out of its socket at the hip—an unusual accident. The leg was out of joint. An adult person with harder, stiffer bones would most likely have had the hip shattered; but Jote was young, with plastic bones.

Jote's condition was serious; and to see his leg sticking off sideways in that strange manner frightened the two boys terribly.

They reasoned that a doctor must be had at once. It would do no good to run to the house for Aunt Olive. There was no physician nearer than the village, six miles away; and what Coville and Edmund did was to lift Jote on the sled and start the colt for the village at top speed.

It must have been a painful ride for Jote. And they had trouble in plenty on the way, for when well down toward the village where the road skirted the lake they met two boys and a girl taking a merry ride in a little sleigh, drawn by a gaily harnessed jackass. This unhappy beast on sighting the colt set up a bray which so startled the colt that he promptly ran away. Bolting out over the frozen lake at a landing where logs were being "paraded" on the ice, the ungoverned "Neptune" (the colt's name) first galloped wildly over the logs, then fled clean across the lake to the woods on the far side—the distressed and shaken boys clinging to the sled for dear life, wholly unable to stop the headstrong animal. In the borders of the woods, the sled brought up against a tree, and, the harness breaking, the colt ran on and disappeared, leaving them there, wrecked beyond all description.

Yet I fail to see how grown-ups could have done better than these two lads. They kept to their purpose to get a doctor in haste. While Edmund watched over the suffering Jote, Coville started to run to the village, a mile and a half distant, and he finally found Doctor Danforth, who, after hearing what the boy could tell him, hitched up in a hurry and, taking Coville, drove with some difficulty to where the sled lay.

A BRIEF examination convinced the doctor that he had better take the injured boy home for treatment. He got Jote into his sleigh. By this time dusk was falling and it had begun to snow, with a bleak northeast wind blowing. Seeing Coville and Edmund about to start off into the woods, the doctor asked where they were going.

"We've got to find our colt," they said. The doctor looked them over and, marking their insufficient clothing for such a night, said, "No, you come with me."

"But my colt!" exclaimed Coville. "I've got to find him."

"And we've got to go home to do our chores," cried Edmund, nearly in tears.

"Colt or no colt, you are not going off in the woods tonight," the doctor said. "You come along with me."

Sorely against their wills the boys were constrained to follow the doctor's sleigh to his home in the village, where his wife kindly gave them supper and lodged them for the night.

The doctor meanwhile was very busy with his patient. Anesthetics had not yet come into use. Poor Jote's leg was not restored to

its proper place without much anguish on his part. A great deal of stiff bandaging and, I believe, a plaster cast had to be resorted to, to keep the head of the thigh bone in its socket and give the ligaments which hold it there time to knit and reunite. The doctor wrote to Jote's folks and kept him on his back at his house for a fortnight or more.

Doctor Danforth had had it in mind to hitch up and take the boys home that fore-

noon; but while he was engrossed with Jote the next morning they stole out of the house and hastened off to look up the fugitive "Neptune." Several inches of snow had fallen; but on reaching the scene of the disaster they were able to track the colt in the woods and finally found him eating browse on a pond shore and consorting with a young moose whose acquaintance he had made during the night. Collar, hames and tugs were still on him, and they were able,

while leading him back to the sled, to gather up the most of what he had lost—with the result that shortly before noon the anxious Aunt Olive saw them come into the dooryard, the colt on the run as usual.

After hearing the circumstances, I could now understand better why, even after fifty years, Aunt Olive still exhibited signs of mental disturbance when the story of that winter was referred to.

Lost from the Fleet

By

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Illustrated by JOHN E. JACKSON

VIII. Glad Moments

JUST how Bob cast off the tow-line from the packet of freight, swung it, threw it out to Abram as the stowaway fought his way up through boiling surges of water and ice; just how Abram caught it and—with Bob's hauling and his own powerful effort—scrambled up on the ice-spur—Bob hardly knew. It was all over so quickly, in such a whirling chaos of excitement, that almost before Bob realized it Abram was there beside him on the spur, dripping, choking, sputtering, but very much alive.

"Hurt, are you?" cried Bob, catching him by the arm, dragging him up and away from the treacherous, slippery edge.

"No! You—you're a good un, Shrewb," Abram gasped, managing to find a little breath. "I can't swim. If it hadn't been for you—"

"Never mind! We've got to start a fire, right away, and get you dried out!"

He led Abram, still dazed and shaken by his plunge into the freezing sea, back to where Uncle Peter was sitting in a little sheltered place some hundred feet from the water's edge. Then, while Abram shivered and Uncle had to be told a score of things, Bob made himself busy.

Most fortunately, the matches happened to be in the nunch-bag on Bob's shoulders. Had they been in Abram's cap, the castaways' situation would have been desperate. But fortune, this time at least, was with them. And in a very few minutes, behind the shelter of the immense mass that formed the "bow" of the berg, Bob had a fire of gaff-stick pieces and of seal-fat blazing merrily.

"Tain't nothin', b'y," insisted Uncle Peter. "Nothin'! Why, I often falled in de water, an' got up on de ice, wrung out me clothes an' went rate on workin'."

"I don't need to be dried out, none," declared Abram. "Quick as my clothes freezes a little, I'll be all warm inside 'em!"

But Bob remained implacable. True as it was that Newfoundlanders think little of a dip in the wintry sea, and that every spring no end of them take involuntary duckings and are none the worse for it, Bob insisted on drying out Abram's things.

"I'm going to do it, Abram," he said, "and that's all there is to it. I'm going to have my way now, for once!" So Abram had to laugh and yield.

Warmly wrapped in the dog-hood fur,—the vital heat often lasts for hours in a seal-sculp,—Abram sat by the fire while Bob carried out the task he had appointed for himself. A few rods from their camping place lay a little icy pool of fresh water; and here Bob carefully rinsed all Abram's things, even including the skinny-woppers. For brine, he knew, would never thoroughly dry. Then he wrung out the clothes, even twisting the rough fur jacket. And after this he toasted everything well, on one of the gaffs, close by the fire. Thus presently Abram was once more dryly clad and declared himself "jus' as good as new, every mite."

THE berg, all this time, kept moving its appointed way toward the south. The effect of that motion was curious, indeed. The berg itself, steady as a mountain,—with its huge bulk six times larger under water than above,—seemed not to be moving at all. Instead, the field ice seemed drifting northward past it, with a continual booming, crashing roar. Sheltered from the wind, in their little camp at the foot of the "bow"

cliff, the castaways found their spirits much revived.

"Lots better to be here," said Bob, "than on the floes that are liable to break up any old time."

"Sarny is," agreed Abram. "Us a wonnerful lot better, now. Got fire, and fat, and sculps enough to make us a tent."

"And a carpet, too," put in Bob.

"Yes, an' plenty meat," added Uncle Peter, who still wore Bob's arctics, while Bob kept the sealer's spiked boots.

"If it hadn't been for you, though," said Abram, "you and dat tow-line! Wisht dere was somethin' I could dofer you, Shrewb!"

"As if you hadn't

done enough, already!

My jiminy, I'd have been dead long enough, only for you. You bet I'm grateful. If we ever get through this, I'll show you. Say, Abram!"

"What?"

"How'd you like to go to the States?"

"Me? You'm meanin' me?" And Abram stared with amazement.

"Sure! Get a job there, eh? You could go to school, too, and learn to read and write, and—"

"You could do dat fer me? Fix it so I—"

"Certainly I could, Abram. My father'll do anything I ask him, for you, when I tell him what you've done for me."

Dazzled, overcome by this brilliant prospect, Abram could hardly speak. But as Bob enlarged on the plan his eyes gleamed joyfully.

"Go?" he exclaimed. "Jis' if get de chanst, you'll see!"

"Dat'm all wonnerful fine," interposed Uncle Peter, "but it ain't havin' no look-see round yere. It ain't puttin' up no signal."

"That's right, too," agreed Bob, with a glance at the ice-pinnacles above. "Come on, Abram; let's get busy!"

Black smoke began to stream from the top of the berg, as if a volcano had suddenly erupted there. "Think they can see it so far off?" asked Bob



The boys, like a couple of explorers of their newly-acquired possession, the huge ice island that was all theirs, set out to take stock of their moving territory. Crisply their sparables crunched the ice as they left Uncle Peter by the fire and started to reconnoitre. The berg seemed about four hundred yards across, in its lower, central portion, which was covered with steep hillocks, mounds and jumbled masses formed of ice blocks that had plunged down from above.

Around and among these they penetrated, here and there coming upon lovely little pools, limpidly green—an inexhaustible supply of the purest water in the world; for icebergs, formed of Greenland snow as they are, cannot by any possibility have the slightest contamination.

Ever, as the boys explored, the roar and thunder of the surf that pounded incessantly against their floating dominion sounded in their ears. And once some huge ice-fragment, weighing many tons, broke from the "stern" pinnacle, rushed crashing, ricocheting, down the seaward cliff and with a smashing shock plunged into the ocean, flinging white spray fifty feet in air.

"Wonnerful lucky fer we," judged Abram, "it ain't a few weeks later. Den all dis ice be runnin' water, like rivers. Pieces be bustin' off, everywhere. De whole island mebbe be breakin' in two an' floppin' over. But, like her is now, I 'low her safe enough. Only us got to keep our wedder eye, Shrewb. If us see a piece of ice a-bouncin' down, us got to dodge un! Dem do fall, once in a while, even dis cold wedder."

"All right, I'll be careful," agreed Bob. "But say, I think we ought to try and climb up that pinnacle there, don't you? That forward one." He pointed far aloft, toward the peak that crowned the bow of the great ice-ship on which they now were so majestically sailing.

"Dat'm right, Shrewb," assented the stowaway. "Sarny ain't nothin' to be seen from down here. Let's get aloft!"

"And take stuff to make a fire with, too," suggested Bob.

It proved a stiff climb; a climb you can appreciate by remembering that two hundred feet are about the equal of a twenty-story building. But after more than half an hour's hard work with sparables and gaffs they reached almost the extreme tip of the pinnacle.

HERE they discovered a shallow depression that gave them at least a foothold, eight or ten feet in diameter, where they were moderately safe. They untied the tow-line, and dumped out their seal fat.

"My jiminy, what a view!" exclaimed Bob, hardly venturing to peer down.

A dizzy height, indeed, with the keen ocean wind cutting sharply across it. Almost sheer down, on the outer side, the cliff fell to the sea-line, where a continual boil of ice-cakes came tumbling up and over as the ice-island steadily tore through the floes.

"It'm wonnerful fine," agreed Abram, "but I'd rather see a ship 'bout a mile off!" And eagerly he began peering all about the far horizon. "Dere, Shrewbie! Look a' dere, will ye?"

"What is it, Abram? Steamer?"

"Smoke, anyhow!"

Following Abram's extended arm, Bob saw it, too. Yes, sure enough, there was smoke! Trail-

ing out like a tenuous veil along the horizon all of twenty or twenty-five miles away, invisible from the ice field or from the "camp" below the cliff, now from this commanding height it could be plainly seen.

"Hooray!" shouted Abram. "Dere'm a steamer, sure!" He turned toward Uncle Peter, sitting by the fire very far below, cupped his hands and called: "Hey, Uncle! Steamer, ho!"

"Signal un, b'ys!" Uncle's hail rose to them with startling distinctness, up the gleaming slope. "Make a smoke, a good un!"

The boys needed no urging. Already Bob was fishing matches from the pocket of his inner coat, under the great rough, sleeveless fur jacket that Abram had made for him. Abram was laying bits of shaved-up gaff-stick in a little hollow of the pinnacle. Bob started the blaze, and both boys cut strips of fat to lay on it. Almost at once a dense black smoke began to stream from the top of the berg, as if a new volcano had suddenly erupted there.

"Think they can see it so far off?" asked Bob, anxiously.

"Sarny! Us can see *deir* smoke. An' us got no oppers [binocular glasses] neider. Take a scanner, wid oppers or a long gun [telescope], an' he see everythin'. If *dat* don't bring 'em, I hope I never do get home to Uncle Joe, no more!"

Carefully they tended their fire; eagerly they watched the smudge on the horizon. So far as they could see, after nearly an hour's chilly vigil, no change took place in the steamer's position. The first enthusiasm of their discovery of the ship was fading. Hunger—for midday was well past—joined

with cold to depress their spirits. Now and then Uncle Peter shouted up questions at them, questions to which they could give no hopeful answers.

"You better kim along down, anyhow," he finally called. "It ain't do no good fer you to bide dere, an' you'll only freeze youseffs. Kim down, an' us get dinner!"

"I guess he's right," said Bob, feeling keen discouragement. After all, it seemed as if in that immensity of frozen vacancy no help could come to them. And Bob's teeth were chattering. He was quite pinched and blue with cold.

"Us pile up de fire good, an' go down," assented Abram.

"I don't see how she could get through to us, even if she's sighted us," said Bob.

"Don't you worry none 'bout dat," Abram cheered him, throwing more fat on the fire. "Dere'm bays o' water you can't see. An' dem swilers, dey knows how to handle de ice, all rate. But sarny I don't want to bide here much longer, an' dat's a fact. Wunnerful cold it be, up here!"

THE boys lashed themselves together with the tow-line, and carefully descended. Going down proved very much harder than going up. They crept down backward, one going ahead while the other with gaff and sparables held fast; then the other descending to him. A single false step here, a single moment's carelessness, might easily have proved fatal.

After what was to Bob a nerve-racking experience, however, they reached the great moraine of tumbled blocks at the bottom of the cliff and soon after rejoined Uncle Peter at the fire. Hot food and drink soon put fresh courage into them.

"It all 'pends on whedder dem sights our smoke, an' can find de rate leads an' bays to get to east'ard," said Uncle, wiping his mouth on his sleeve. "But if dem do find de rate kind o' water, dem'll come on towards us wunnerful fast."

"They can't come any too fast to suit me," said Bob. "My jiminy, but I'd like to get next to a ship's galley again. What I wouldn't do to bread and butter and a plate of lobscouse!"

"Mmmmm!" exclaimed Abram. "I'd jus' like to get my knife in a figgy-duff!"

"A few b'iled 'taters'd be about my dish," judged the old man, "wid—hello, what'm dat?"

From far spaces drifted a faint "Boom! Boom!" as if of a cannon. The sound rolled on, round, hollow, reverberant.

A moment, all three listened intently. Then Uncle cried:

"Dem shootin' off ice-bombs!"

"Couldn't hear 'em, all those miles!" objected Bob.

"Sarny could," affirmed Abram. "It'm fair wunnerful, how a noise'll travel acrost de



Just how Abram caught the line and—with Bob's hauling and his own powerful effort—scrambled up on the ice spur—Bob hardly knew

ice. Seem like dere ain't nothin' to stop up, like on de land."

"An' besides," Uncle added, "mebbe dem has come a long ways handier to we, whiles us been eatin'."

"My jiminy, I hope so!" exclaimed Bob. "I hope they aren't firing those bombs just because they're jammed in the ice and trying to break through."

"Bes' way to find out is to climb up on top o' de pinnacle, ag'in," suggested Uncle. "Only be keerful, de bote o' ye, 'cause I'm ice-blind, an' if anythin' was to happen to ye I'd be in a wunnerful fruz!"

The boys assured Uncle they had no intention whatever of risking his welfare

by letting themselves be dashed to death from the lofty pinnacle and at once made ready to climb again. As the ship lay off to southwest of them, the pinnacle stood between it and them, and so cut it off from their view. Their only chance of sighting it was to make the ascent. They therefore lashed themselves again with the tow-line, took bags of seal fat, seized their gaffs and eagerly attacked the pinnacle once more.

Far above, whipping away from the summit, the smoke of their still-burning fire wafted down-wind. But it was now greatly diminished.

"I 'low," said Abram, as they stopped to rest when about fifty feet above their "camp," "de quicker us gets aloft an' puts some more fat an' wood on dat fire, de better it'll be."

"Come on, then!" exclaimed Bob, his heart beating high with a very great hope. "Let's get up, quick, and see what's doing!"

Spurred by eagerness, they fought their way up the ice-wall. Bob was first to drag himself over the ridge into the little depression beside the final spur, the depression where still bubbled, stewed and blazed the fire of seal fat.

Hardly had he struggled into the little hollow and got to his feet when a whoop of exultation burst from his lips.

"What is it, Shrewb?" demanded Abram, clambering up beside him.

"Look a' that, will you?" shouted Bob, half-wild with excitement. "They're coming, Abram, they're coming!"

True! No longer at the horizon, but now sensibly this side of it and with her hull and even a suggestion of her masts visible, the steamer could be seen in a long, dark strip of open water. Black smoke was pouring from her funnel. The forced draught was on; she was crowding every possible pound of steam to reach the island of ice.

"More fat on de fire, Shrewb!" cried Abram, slinging off his nunch-bag. "Gaffs on de fire—everything, now!"

They made a royal blaze with part of

the gaff-sticks, the bags, all the fat. Thick whorls of smoke gusted from the peak.

"But we've got to save part of the gaffs, anyhow," Bob warned. "We've got to have 'em, to get down again with!" For in Abram's excitement he would have burned them both, entire.

AND now, all at once, a far, faint note drifted across the frozen wilderness, a note musical, rising, falling, dying away, then coming again.

"Dem blowin' de siren!" exclaimed Abram. "I know dat siren. Dat de Invincible, sure!"

"Great, great!" exulted Bob. The boys waved their caps aloft—not that they would probably have been seen by the steamer still twelve or fifteen miles away, but just in sheer high spirits. "We're saved, Abram—saved!"

"Yes, an' tonight us gets plum-duff an' skilly," said the highly practical Abram, "stid o' fipper an' pinnacle tea. Fipper an' pinnacle tea is all rate fer a spell, but in de long run dem gets kind of a sameness, don't 'em?"

"If it hadn't been for you, Abram, I wouldn't have had even those. I—I wouldn't be alive, at all."

"No, ner me neider, only fer you!"

"Hello, up dere!" the voice of Uncle Peter drifted aloft. "What ahoy?"

"Ship ahoy!" Bob shouted down to him. "We'll be aboard for supper!"

On one wall of Bob's room, in his Boston home, hangs part of a Newfoundland sealing-gaff. Over its point is suspended a shapeless disreputable-looking cap of battered fur. Sometimes, when Abram Stirge, now a student in mechanic arts at night school, drops in for a little chat with Bob, they look at it and laugh over some freshly-recalled incident of their stirring days and nights when lost from the Invincible among the Arctic ice.

And often too, when trivial annoyances beset Bob, and when he feels that life is hard, a glance at gaff and cap recalls stern times when life and death themselves hung in the balance. Then with a smile he girds himself for even his hardest task, glad of the lessons once so painfully learned among the treacherous ice floes of the frozen sea.

THE END.

Judy Shows Her Punch

By

ROE L. HENDRICK

Illustrated by W. F. STECHER

THIS is a horse story. It's about a horse of my Uncle George's called Judy, who was some horse, and no mistake. No, I'm not trying to sell you this horse of Uncle George's. You couldn't buy old Judy if you had all Henry Ford's money multiplied by twenty-three skidoo, and then about four thousand and forty-four dollars besides. Judy's dead.

Thirty years ago when my brother Leonard and I were living in Easton with our Uncle George Chapman we entered into a sheep-raising venture that might have ended in complete disaster if it had not been for an unforeseen intervention. Few industries face more difficulties than rearing sheep, but we soon learned that in our neighborhood the greatest trouble of all could be summed up in one word—dogs.

A flock of one hundred sheep owned by Ames Snyder, whose farm was situated south of Easton Center, was attacked by dogs three times in succession almost immediately after he had turned them out to graze one spring. His pasture, a rocky hillside, with thick woods above and to the west of it, was in so remote a spot that the dogs had raided the flock twice before he discovered what was happening. After the third attack he drove the sheep to their pen beside the barn and offered them for sale.

Leonard and I had some money on deposit in the Easton National Bank, and when we heard that the remaining eighty head could be bought for three hundred dollars, cash, if taken at once, we laid the matter before Uncle George.

Now, every young man, from no matter what part of the country, wants to raise something; for pleasure, for profit,

or simply to spend money: rabbits, sheep, or the dickens. We just happened to want sheep. We ended up by having the dickens of a time. But you must hear it for yourself. Remember, I am not trying to sell you my horse, Judy!

Uncle George listened to what we had to say, but shook his head doubtfully.

"The dogs would get after them," he said. "And you would have to wait a year for any income, and there is the winter feed to consider. Where were you planning to pasture them?"

"Over in the back slashing," I said; "they'd do a lot of good there, eating off the new growth. Cattle won't keep it down, and if sheep aren't used it will be necessary to take an axe to it again in a year or two."

This seemed to be an effective argument, for Uncle George removed his cap and scratched his head. "That old fence is in bad shape," he said; "by which we could see that he was on the point of yielding."

"There are lots of poles," Leonard assured him; "we can fix up the fence in a day."

"Well," said Uncle George, "go ahead and gain experience, boys. I don't see how you can lose your principal, buying as cheaply as you do; but remember that I warned you not to expect any profit."

Despite this cold comfort, we bought the flock and drove the animals home the next day. We immediately turned them into the slashing and set about repairing the fence.

The task of making the barrier sheep-tight was much harder than we had anticipated. While we were at work the



She wheeled, leaped, kicked and struck with her forefeet

flock escaped twice and got into Lem Grover's meadow on the north; but the grass was short, little or no harm was done, and no protest was made. After we had raised the fence eight poles high, however, the sheep continued to escape—not into Mr. Grover's field now but over on the Packard farm to the southeast.

Joel Packard was a hot-tempered man, and the flock did do some harm to his wheat. He tried to drive them back with his dog after their second inroad, but merely succeeded in running them round and round the outskirts of the field. When we saw what was happening and hurried to the scene, we found him in a towering rage.

"I'll sue you just as soon as I can get the papers sworn out!" was his greeting.

That was unpleasant news, especially as the suit would necessarily be directed against Uncle George, since Leonard and I were minors. We strove to soothe the angry farmer and hastened to let down a length of fence to admit the flock. Some of them had torn ears and scarred noses where his dog had bitten them, but we said nothing about that; and seemingly our forbearance and politeness bore fruit, for, despite his threats, he started no suit.

After the sheep had been returned to the slashing we searched the entire round of the fence, but could find no break. We strengthened every panel that seemed in any way weak, and finally went home, still in doubt, but hoping for the best.

"Your troubles are only beginning," Uncle George told us; "I guess you had better give up school and take turns in herding your flock." He spoke more than half in jest, as we knew; but when, at five o'clock the next morning, we found the sheep again in the Packard wheat field, we began to fear that his warning might have a serious import.

Fortunately, we arrived so early that we drove them back to the slashing before our neighbor discovered the trespass; but it was plain that if we left them alone they would promptly break out again. Once more we made a round of the enclosure and this time we came to the conclusion that the flock had been escaping at a point where the fence crossed the creek. Here we had suspended a log between two posts over the water, and numerous tracks that we discovered at both ends of the log convinced us that the sheep had been getting out by jumping upon it and using it as a bridge to cross the stream.

Leonard and I immediately cut poles and built a barricade at either end of the log. That afternoon we strung wires both under and over the log, across the creek, to make sure of stopping the sheep, and thereafter they remained in the slashing; but, as we soon discovered, our troubles with them were by no means at an end.

I think we stopped the exit by way of the creek on a Wednesday; and late on the following Friday afternoon Leonard took a half peck of salt to the slashing to give the flock a treat.

He came back in a hurry, and the instant I saw his face I exclaimed:

"O dear, they're out again!"

"Worse than that," he replied; "at least four of them are dead, and one is all torn to pieces!"

"Dogs?"

"Of course! What else could it be?"

I went back with him, and Uncle George accompanied us. We counted seventy-five sheep, grazing quietly near the north side of the irregular field. One of them had blood on its fleece, but we could not get near enough to the animal to discover whether it was wounded. The dead sheep were farther to the south, two crowded against the fence and two others some distance away in a little thicket. After searching for some time we found the fifth, still alive, but so badly injured that Uncle George put it out of its misery.

"It's Joel Packard's dog," said Leonard, with angry conviction. "He set the dog on the sheep; I saw him!"

"Tut, tut," Uncle George interposed; "you're just talking now; you don't know!" But that evening I overheard him telling Aunt Lucy when he thought we were out of earshot that a man who would set a dog on sheep ought to be prosecuted; and the next day, happening to meet Mr. Packard in the road, he asked him whether he kept his dog confined at night. Our neighbor retorted tartly that he did not and didn't intend to; but at that time I do not think he had learned of the attack on our flock.

We notified the township supervisor of our loss, and appraisers were sent to inspect the carcasses. Later we received a township order for \$3.75 apiece for all of our dead sheep. Evidently the price we had paid for the flock had fixed the rate of recompense.

Six days passed, and then early on Thursday morning we heard the flock bleating plaintively and, dressing with all possible haste, hurried to the pasture. They were crowded in a corner of the field, and each animal was struggling to get in the center of the mass. Counting them proved impossible,

drove them here and didn't do anything but sniff them over," said Leonard; "I don't believe she'd touch them."

"Well, you might try it—but you'd better watch her for a while."

Judy had been "Grandpa" Bunce's old carriage horse, and was then more than

the two that had been bitten and then stood by to watch events. Judy came galloping up, with her ears laid back, but after a momentary inspection of the foremost sheep she turned indifferently away and resumed grazing. Apparently she regarded the intruders as beneath her notice, and we soon decided that they were in no danger from her.

After school we sought buyers for our flock both at the Center and among farmers in the neighborhood; but no one seemed to want sheep at any price. One of the village butchers said he might take two a week, if they were fat enough; but that was altogether too slow and uncertain a market for our purpose. Uncle George looked glum when we told him the result of our quest. "They can't stay in that two acres more than a day longer," he said; "and they'll spoil the pasture for Judy by that time, I'm afraid."

We said nothing, for we were at our wits' end. Late that evening after we had gone to our room we sat by the window discussing ways and means when we were aroused by a sudden uproar somewhere beyond the barn. The frantic bleating of sheep rang out loudest, accompanied by what sounded like snarls, and then by an ear-piercing squeal.

"The dogs have come again!" Leonard shouted; and, half dressed as we were, we tore down the stairs and ran towards Judy's pasture, determined, if possible, to identify the assailants, even if we could do nothing else. As we crossed the barnyard, the squeal was repeated, followed by the sound of thumping and crashing against the heavy rail fence next to the lane.

"It's Judy," Leonard panted; "she's killing the sheep!"

That seemed quite possible, though it did not account for the snarls we thought we had heard. In the darkness we could see her dimly as she wheeled, leaped, kicked and struck with her forefeet. The bulk of the sheep showed as a white patch at the opposite side of the little pasture, but two grayish fleeces could be seen on the ground near where the horse gyrated.

"Back, Judy; back!" Leonard shouted, adding: "I wish I had a whip!"

Just then something black leaped almost over the fence towards us, and I caught a glimpse of gleaming eyes and teeth as it hung for a moment over the topmost rail before dropping back.

"Let her alone," I called; "let her alone; she isn't fighting the sheep!"

"What was that thing?"

"A dog, I suppose; we haven't any black sheep!"

The baffled creature snarled and turned to flee across the pasture, but Judy was after him the instant he left the partial shelter of the fence. We saw him go down under her hoofs, with a single terrified yelp, and lie motionless except as the body was pitched about by her trampling.

Leonard scrambled upon the fence, whereupon Judy made a rush for him, and he was glad to leap back. She was in such a mood that at the moment it was unsafe for anyone to enter the field.

While we were thinking what to do, Uncle George joined us. He succeeded in soothing the enraged mare, after which she permitted us to climb over the fence. Close against the bottom rail we found a yellow and black dog, a mongrel collier, that we had no difficulty in recognizing as Mr. Packard's Don, though the body had been beaten and trampled into shapelessness. The other dog, lying a few yards away, was black and short haired; we had never seen him before. Two sheep that they had killed were stretched out with torn throats near the body of the second dog.

Judy had several wounds on her legs and sides, but there were not serious. She was still in a very truculent humor, and before she would permit us to dress her injuries we had to lead her into a narrow stall and tie her head so she could not turn it.

But all unwittingly she had solved our problem. The next day we turned her into the slashing with the flock, and all ran there undisturbed until late in the fall. Then we found a purchaser at \$4 a head for the seventy that remained. As the town had paid us for the ones killed and Uncle George had charged nothing for pasturage, we apparently were \$17.50 ahead on our venture, not counting interest; but, of course, we realized that that was not legitimate profit. In fact, we almost certainly should have lost money had we carried the flock through the winter, for hay was expensive that fall. Thanks to Judy, we had saved our principal and were well content to drop the speculation on those terms.

See Them Go!!!

Hundreds of subscribers are out after the Big Gold Prizes and other Rewards to be given in The Youth's Companion's World-Girdling Airplane Race, as announced in the March 4 number. Below we print a list of the Y. C. fliers who have already started. Is your name on this list? If not, try to get on the list that will appear next week. Each new subscription you obtain sends your plane 1000 miles and wins a Premium for you. Five subscriptions make you a Y. C. Ace with the rank of Captain; ten bring you a Distinguished Service Decoration with a Major's rank. Over a Thousand Dollars in Gold is to be distributed to those who fly the greatest distance between March 4 and June 1.



You can earn one of these Hawaiian Banjo-Ukes easily and quickly. See March 4 number.

Some of the Early Birds *

- | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 28 Mrs. J. V. Aiken, Pa. | 65 Wm. L. Richardson, Tenn. | 103 M. K. Huston, Pa. |
| 29 Wm. D. Barrell, Me. | 66 Robert Strouts, N. Y. | 104 Robin Moore, Ky. |
| 30 Homer Baker, Mich. | 67 Earle C. Conrad, Pa. | 105 W. F. Nabers, Ala. |
| 31 Edward Cole, Mass. | 68 Jack Harris, Tenn. | 106 Richard Snoke, Pa. |
| 32 Linwood R. Card, Me. | 69 Willis Kenyon, Jr., Minn. | 107 Kent Phillip, Ill. |
| 33 John Davis, Ind. | 70 Robert Miller, N. Y. | 108 Lucy Baldwin, Conn. |
| 34 Richard Fiero, N. Y. | 71 John P. Norman, Iowa | 109 Illona Madill, Ill. |
| 35 Charles Grimes, Ill. | 72 Earl T. Palmer, Mo. | 110 Edward Miller, Ohio |
| 36 Howard Hunter, Mass. | 73 George Sykes, N. Y. | 111 Herbert S. Page, Vt. |
| 37 Mrs. G. Jackson, Mich. | 74 Eugene Somerville, Mo. | 112 H. C. Alley, S. C. |
| 38 D. and R. Lynn, Wis. | 75 John W. Scull, Mo. | 113 O. Irish, Jr., Ohio |
| 39 Lewis McMaster, N. S. | 76 Boyce Smith, N. D. | 114 Paul Marston, N. H. |
| 40 Gordon Najjar, Mass. | 77 Edith Thomas, S. C. | 115 A. W. Stearns, Mass. |
| 41 G. S. Ponder, Ala. | 78 G. E. Van DeBrake, Iowa | 116 Beatrice Thomas, Ind. |
| 42 Judith Ritcey, N. S. | 79 O. B. Watson, Jr., Va. | 117 Roso Tising, Mo. |
| 43 Harriet Strong, N. Y. | 80 Walter Wood, Ill. | 118 David Campbell, N. H. |
| 44 Iva Savery, Mass. | 81 H. Wheeler, N. J. | 119 Hazel Carpenter, Minn. |
| 45 J. Vincent, Tex. | 82 Chas. Cole, Jr., Kan. | 120 Shirley Chapin, Vt. |
| 46 Mary K. Wood, N. Y. | 83 Robert Hall, Jr., Ga. | 121 Mrs. Harold Gahn, Ohio |
| 47 Mrs. M. Wood, N. Y. | 84 Frank K. Locke, Vt. | 122 Kenneth Howe, N. H. |
| 48 Mrs. F. Didawick, Va. | 85 Nellie Atwood, Mass. | 123 Robert Ingersoll, Ill. |
| 49 Chas. Wellman, Conn. | 86 Lois Auten, N. J. | 124 Robert Johnston, Ohio |
| 50 Rev. S. G. Hutton, Fla. | 87 Harry H. Bell, N. J. | 125 Mahlon Keyser, N. Y. |
| 51 Alfred Dodds, Mo. | 88 Harry Baldwin, N. Y. | 126 Norma Koelch, Wis. |
| 52 Claude Dorsey, Jr., Mo. | 89 Tom D. Blunt, Mass. | 127 Jessie Delano, N. Y. |
| 53 Dorothy Marsh, Mass. | 90 Ralph Cordrey, Ohio | 128 Webster Bean, Me. |
| 54 Emmanuel Osborne, Iowa | 91 Robert Darphin, La. | 129 Geo. Bredbury, Mass. |
| 55 Donald Wilcock, N. Y. | 92 H. W. Florence, Ohio | 130 C. Ferguson, Jr., N. Y. |
| 56 Helen Wheelchel, Ga. | 93 William Henka, N. D. | 131 Mrs. Fred Fillmore, Calif. |
| 57 Neil T. Briggs, Vt. | 94 Virginia Kelly, Ohio | 132 John F. Hall, Ohio |
| 58 F. and V. Brackett, Mass. | 95 James McIntyre, Ala. | 133 Paul Kofroth, Pa. |
| 59 John M. Church, N. Y. | 96 T. G. Morgan, Pa. | 134 J. A. Lee, N. C. |
| 60 Erskine Cumming, N. S. | 97 Robert Naves, N. H. | 135 Wayne C. List, Ill. |
| 61 Helen Davis, Vt. | 98 Wilson Tenney, Tex. | 136 William Mowbray, N. Y. |
| 62 Eliza French, Me. | 99 K. Von Oven, Wash. | 137 Mildred Riley, Ohio |
| 63 Kenneth Littlefield, Me. | 100 Harry Wood, Jr., N. H. | 138 James Powers, N. Y. |
| 64 Roy Lee Rhodes, Miss. | 101 Kermit Bradshaw, Tex. | 139 Hugh B. Pritchett, Va. |
| | 102 C. O. Bradstreet, Conn. | |

* This list shows the starters up to March 13, when this number of The Youth's Companion went to press. See last week's issue for earlier list of fliers.

Who Will Be The First Y. C. Ace?

Each subscriber who sends his or her plane 5000 miles (five new subscriptions) becomes a Y. C. Ace and is presented with a beautiful bronze Ace's Emblem. Who will be the first to win this great honor? You have the same chance as any subscriber, so why not win the distinction yourself? Turn now to page 180 in the March 4 Youth's Companion and get into this unique race before another day goes by. It's an open road to fame and rich reward.

Mason Willis

Commander, Y. C. Flying Squadron

for they moved about rapidly and constantly, but two were wounded, and a brief search revealed three dead animals, scattered across the slashing. They had been killed only a short time before, for their bodies were still limp and warm.

We drove the survivors of the flock down the land and left them in the barnyard. At breakfast we asked Uncle George whether he thought it safe to put them back into the slashing.

"No, of course not!" he said; "I don't even know that they're safe where they are, and there certainly isn't anything except straw for them to eat."

"Will you let us turn them into Judy's pasture till we can sell them?" Leonard asked.

"Why," Uncle George hesitated,—"I don't know what Judy might do to them."

"She came up where they were when we

twenty years old. "Grandpa" Bunce had raised her from a colt and in his will had made provision for her care till she died a natural death. She was pastured summers and kept in a box stall winters on the farm. She had been housed alone and humored all her life till she was the crossdest creature with other animals that I ever saw. On the farm it had been found impossible to let her run with the other horses or even with the cows, and so she had a two-acre pasture by herself to the northeast of the barn and in plain sight from the house. At one time, however, she had been given the run of the old orchard with a number of pigs and had not molested them, and so we had an idea that perhaps she would not attack creatures smaller than herself.

We turned the sheep into her enclosure after anointing with pine tar the wounds of



FACT AND COMMENT

HONORS ARE LIKE a crown heavy with jewels; they are likely to oppress the head they are meant to adorn.—From *The Youth's Companion*, March 31, 1831.

MODEL SHIPS have become such popular objects of decoration in American houses and business offices that many of the English antique shops have been stripped of their best examples. Here is a profitable field for ambitious young craftsmen. Let them not think, however, that nothing better is demanded than the scrimshaw work of old-time blue-water sailors. The fancy prices go to models carefully built to scale from working designs of real ships, and the craftsmanship must be of the best.

ONE OF THOSE HOMELY TOUCHES that the whole world loves came to light when the newest opera star made her debut, at nineteen, before a metropolitan audience. From behind the scenes her father, a telegrapher, imperturbably ticked out the story of his daughter's triumph, as the critics wrote or dictated it. To give the girl her musical education, he had gone without vacations for the whole of her life; but his only comment was: "The things that the family have been dreaming for fifteen years have come true. Our little girl is singing to the world."

IN OLIVER OPTIC'S DAY the shortest road that would take a boy into the office of the great commercial house, and so give him the opportunity to become the head of the firm and eventually to marry his employer's daughter, was stopping a runaway horse. Life may have changed its outward aspects since then, but not its inner significance. A Charlestown, Mass., boy, appreciating the exigencies of the modern age, rescued a little girl the other day by leaping on the foot-board of a runaway truck that was bearing down on her, and stopping it. He has not yet made the whole Oliver Optic grand tour, but he has received a bronze hero medal, which is a good beginning.

LLOYD GEORGE STIRS UP THE BRITISH LION

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, after being in political eclipse for four years, has emerged into the glare of public notice with his remarkable proposal for a new land policy for Great Britain. It is the exact opposite of that "Manchester policy" under which the Liberal party and the nation thrived during the nineteenth century. The old Liberal doctrine was that Great Britain should make goods for all the world, and that the world should pay Britain for those goods with food. The march of events has changed that doctrine from economic orthodoxy to economic heresy. The world is no longer content to buy all its manufactured goods from England. Unemployment exists to an alarming degree. Britain must put more of its people on the land and raise more of its own food or run the risk of going hungry.

The remedy Mr. Lloyd George proposes is nothing less than the nationalization of the land. Those who occupy land must till it, to the satisfaction of the government, or it will be assigned to others. The great estates and parks and shooting preserves of England and Scotland must be farmed, or the noble and wealthy owners will be dispossessed and their land granted to tenants who will cultivate it. These new tenants will not hold the land by freehold tenure, as our American farmers do, but merely by license from the State. They must farm the soil under strict supervision by the government and may be deprived of their holdings whenever they fail to cultivate them fully or efficiently. By these means Mr. Lloyd George believes that two million more agricultural workers could be employed and nearly all of Great Britain's essential food supply raised at home.

His plan also involves a revolutionary treatment of real estate in the cities and towns. He proposes to adopt the essential features of the Single Tax, which was the original idea of the American economist Henry George, and to tax away from city property all the increased value of the land which is the result of the growth of the towns and the public improvements which the community has needed.

If Mr. Lloyd George were the head of the Liberal party as it was twenty years ago, before the Labor party had sapped so much of its strength, his proposals would have

immediate importance and a good chance of early adoption. As it is, he must look forward to a busy campaign of education if he expects the nation to follow him. The Conservatives are of course all opposed to his ideas. The Labor party is suspicious of them, for its leaders dread the power of the government bureaucracy that would be necessary to administer such a system. They would prefer the confiscation of land unprofitably used, and its distribution to needy citizens who were willing to work it. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have won the support of the major fragment of that fragment which is the present Liberal party; but a good many of his own colleagues have broken with him on the issue and will stand out against the nationalization of land and the Single Tax to the end.

Mr. Lloyd George is a brilliant and resourceful fighter, and his plan has certain features which will commend it to the British masses. We may look forward to seeing his policies widely discussed and perhaps becoming the issues on which the British parties of the future will decide.

DINNER IS SERVED

ONE of the New York daily papers recently conducted a straw vote to discover what is the most popular dish in the restaurants of the city. It resulted in a decided victory for corned beef and cabbage. Whether the preference of other cities would be the same is, of course, only guesswork. Baked beans are always a dangerous rival, and so is beef stew; but it is to be noted that all three dishes belong to the ready-to-serve class, which is often a decisive influence in the choice of restaurant guests. Of cooked-to-order dishes, ham and eggs, chops and steaks would probably head the list everywhere.

Any consideration of food in America very quickly shows that we have no preëminently national dish like the oatmeal of Scotland, the spaghetti of the Italian, the roast beef of England and the sausages that link the German so firmly to the Fatherland; but on the contrary we have, and always have had, a greater variety of food than any other people in the world. Hardly a generation after that first starving winter at Plymouth, the roughhewn tables of the pioneers held trenchers of venison, wild turkey, grouse, bear meat, wild duck, geese, pork and most of the common vegetables; and there were milk and cream and honey and maple sugar, and corn and rye and wheat flour, and an abundance of as fine fish as man ever ate.

The standard thus early set has persisted in its generosity and in its preponderance of meat, though the flesh of wild game gradually gave way to that of beef animals, sheep and hogs, and wild fowl to domestic poultry. Here, for example, is the bill of fare that an old lady, still living, set before the preacher and his wife in her young womanhood in the Middle West: mashed potatoes, whipped in

cream and garnished with lumps of butter; chicken stew with cream gravy and dumplings; roast ham, roast leg of lamb; hot raised biscuits; chopped cabbage, celery, beet pickles, sweet cucumber pickles; crab-apple jelly, spiced pears, raspberry jam; cottage cheese, apple pie, lemon pie, jelly roll, caraway cookies, tea and coffee. There was also a quart pitcher of cream at each end of the table, and in the middle a plate of white-clover honey in the comb. The peach shortcake, unfortunately, was scorched and could not be served. Such a meal as that may help to explain why so many young men of those days had a call to preach.

A table so laden today would be overlaid and a little out of good taste; but we were then a people who worked with our hands, and the preacher himself may very likely have ridden fifteen or twenty miles that morning, with his wife on a pillion behind him. As we have become more urban and sedentary, our meals have lessened in quantity and changed in character. We consume less meat and more fruit and vegetables, and that is wise. Out of our abundance and variety we are learning to choose moderation, avoiding on the one hand the license of the little boy who remarked as he left the table, "I've 'et till there ain't a wrinkle in me," and on the other hand the asceticism of the Scotch youngster whose English cousin wanted milk and sugar for his oatmeal—"Hey, mither, Johnnie thinks it's Christmas!"

ANOTHER GOLD RUSH

GOLD has been found once more in the northern wilderness, and the gold seekers and the adventurers are again upon the move. The new field is in the neighborhood of Red Lake, which is in northwestern Ontario, about two hundred miles northeast of Winnipeg, and more than a hundred miles from the nearest line of railway, the Canadian National Lines. The prospectors who found the gold describe the ore as exceedingly rich. They have traced the vein for more than a thousand feet and find it consistently loaded with gold. No one knows how far this main vein runs or how deep it goes. No one knows how much gold will be found elsewhere in the region; but it is unusual to find a vein of this character without other deposits in the same kind of rock, near by.

Already the rush of eager and hopeful gold-hunters has begun. Men are streaming north from the little town of Hudson across the snow fields that still cover the north country. "An unbroken line of men and dogs stretching like a black thread across a linen sheet" is the way one returning observer describes the scene. The country is not a particularly difficult one. There will be few of the perils and hardships that the men who poured into the Klondike gold field thirty years ago had to face. There are no great mountain ranges to cross, and Ontario

is not so cold or forbidding as the Yukon Territory. Supplies can be brought in any quantity to a railway station only two or three days from the mines. There was a throng of prospectors on the ground by April. If the discoveries prove to be as rich as they appear, the summer will see a "roaring" mining camp at Red Lake, one that will become as famous in the newspapers as Dawson or Nome used to be.

The search for gold has always been one of the most fascinating and romantic of human activities. Think of the pictures, the poems, the stirring tales of adventure and peril, that were born of the quest of the old Argonauts of '49 in California, and the hardly less thrilling stories of the long, hard trail that stretched from Skagway in to the Klondike. The same glamour surrounds the adventures of the gold-hunters of Australia, of South Africa, of Nevada, of Cape Nome. Tragedy, comedy and romance are blended in the experiences of the toiling, struggling, fighting seekers for the buried treasure of the earth. Hard-headed, hard-fisted, yet touched with the spirit of the dreamer and the wanderer, the gold-hunter is a figure that will always appeal to the imagination. Thousands of adventurers, ardent, eager boys, sturdy, rugged men, gray-bearded veterans who have spent their lives in the restless search for the precious metal, are hurrying to Red Lake with the vision of it before their eyes. Some of them will win a great prize—there is the romance of it. The world will read with profound interest the story of what goes on in the new Ontario gold field.

COLLEGE BOYS ADVISE THEIR ELDERS

HOW the college presidents and professors of 1827—the year when *The Youth's Companion* was first published—would have stared at the idea that the boys under their instruction should have any voice in the arrangement of the curriculum or the disciplinary conduct of the college! Yet today college newspapers are expressing frankly the undergraduate point of view on such subjects, and college presidents are actually consulting committees of students about the best way of arousing youthful interest in learning. Perhaps that is because college boys are more mature in years than they used to be. Perhaps it is because youth is now, as always, self-confident, while age begins to be less assured than it once was of the rightness of the established order.

The Yale News—is it not the oldest of college dailies?—is out with a thorough project of university reform, which has received considerable publicity. Most conspicuous among its proposals is the abolition of compulsory attendance at chapel and at lectures, at least for the high-stand men of the two upper classes. Compulsory chapel has long been an academic grievance, and it has been retained in most colleges not because it has recognizable religious value, for those who attend unwillingly, but because it is traditional and has the aspect of moral discipline. As for the lecture system, the present college boys are not the first to question its usefulness. There are occasional teachers who combine learning with the gift of personal enthusiasm and charm. These men make their lectures worth while. But too many lecturers, making their courses a perfunctory compilation of the work of better men, drone listlessly from the desk while their hearers nap more or less comfortably in their chairs.

The best instruction is intimate and personal, the kind of teaching the English colleges furnish through their tutorial system. The lecture system arose when printed books were nonexistent or rare. Learning, being found only within the brains of a few scholars, could then be got at only through the speech of these wise men.

But today a thorough course of reading, directed and illuminated by the advice and comment of a teacher, dealing with one or a few students at a time, is, from every point of view the better way to get an education.

Unfortunately, that system is an expensive one, especially when all young America seems to be crowding itself into the college classrooms. Not many American colleges can afford the staff to manage such a system. Probably the lecture system will



Two famous life masks. That on the left is the mask of George Washington, taken by the sculptor Houdon, to assist him in making his famous bust. The Lincoln mask on the right was taken by Leonard W. Volk in 1860, when Lincoln was elected President. These masks are the most authentic portraits of the two great Americans in existence

survive until they can—perhaps even longer. But the young editors of Yale are right in suspecting its value and believing that scholars who mean business can get better results by other methods. As for scholars who do not mean business, the colleges of the country would be better off without them.

THIS WORLD

Discouraging the Food Trusts

The irresistible tendency toward merging large industrial companies into still larger corporations, which has been characteristic of business operations in the United States, at last reached the purveyors of food. Proposals have been made for a great combination of bakery companies, with a capital reported to be some two billion dollars, and for the organization of a holding company to control half a dozen of the concerns that sell food products in package form. But these proposals have attracted the unfavorable attention of the Department of Justice. Proceedings have been begun in the Federal courts to prevent the bakery companies from carrying out their merger, and the National Food Products Company has yielded to the opposition of the government and given up its plans for controlling the seven companies it proposed to consolidate, though it intends to continue its existence as an investment trust for the sale of the securities of those companies. It is apparent that, while the government looks with a more or less benevolent eye on the creation of greater and greater industrial units, it does not think it safe to permit the same kind of dealing with the food of the people.

A Crisis in the League

With the meeting of the League of Nations on March 8 a real crisis presented itself in the career of that organization. It was the entrance of Germany into the League that precipitated the trouble. The Germans made it a condition of their admission that a permanent seat in the Council of the League should be reserved for them. It was generally agreed that the condition must be accepted, but several other nations, Spain, Brazil and Poland conspicuously, announced that they also wanted permanent seats in the Council. The French and Italian governments were inclined to support Poland and Spain, with the hope of effectually counterbalancing the vote of Germany in the Council, but public opinion in England was strong enough to oblige Sir Austen Chamberlain to oppose this open playing of politics within the League, while the smaller nations did not at all like the idea of any more permanent seats in the Council, since that would make their own chances of getting occasional representation in that body more remote. The discussion grew acrimonious as the League Assembly met; it was reported that one or another nation had threatened to withdraw if the question was decided contrary to its interests, and the situation grew critical. Every effort to reconcile the claims and demands of the various nations had failed by March 17, although the representatives of Great Britain, France and Germany stood together and used all their influence to bring about an accord. It was then decided to postpone the whole matter, including the admission of Germany to the League, until the meeting of the Assembly in September.

Synthetic Rubber

According to the eminent chemist Dr. Charles H. Herty, it is entirely possible to make rubber in the laboratory, and unless the price of that article becomes stabilized at a reasonable figure it is very likely that the chemists will find a way to make it commercially more cheaply than the natural product can be sold. The chemistry of rubber is well understood, and the hydrocarbons which are its essential constituents are to be found in starch, in calcium carbide and in the waste products that remain when petroleum is "cracked." If the chemists succeed in producing a cheaply manufactured rubber, it will not be the first natural product they have been able to counterfeit. Synthetic indigo and synthetic alizarin have already taken the place of the plant products in commerce.



Take a Kodak with you

On the walk, at the game—wherever you go there are sure to be chances for pictures.

And it's all easy, and all fun, with a Kodak or Brownie.

Autographic Kodaks, \$5 up
Brownies (Eastman-made) in a wide price range.

At your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

CAMPS

WINDSOR Mountain Camps for Junior BOYS Senior

Resident personal direction of
Prof. Oliver L. Hebbert, Director of Physical Education
Dr. Ralph C. Achorn, Physician and Naturalist

Ninth year, 1700 acres, Boulder Lake, White Mt. Region
Fourteen bungalows, Superior equipment, Responsible leaders
All camp activities, Gym and corrective gymnastics, Moderate price

JUNIORS Separate camp and special program
Resident camp mother, Graduate nurse

For Booklets Write
Prof. Oliver L. Hebbert, 48 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Camp WENTWORTH

Wolfeboro, N. H. For 50 Boys 8 to 16. On Lake
Wentworth in the foothills of the White Mountains.
Every camp activity supervised by experts.
M. S. Giles, Fessenden School, W. Newton, Mass.

Camp Arbutus FOR GIRLS 11 to 20
Twelfth Season
One-half mile of wooded shore on beautiful lake in Grand
Traverse County, Michigan. Water and Land Sports.
Canoe Trips, Woodcraft and Nature Study, Correctives.
Resident Physician. References required. Booklet. Edith
A. Steere, Packard Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

CAMP MECHANO FOR BOYS
7 to 16
On Sebago Lake at South Casco, Maine. A different
type of camp. Fine record, excellent staff, the best of
food and care. Tutoring department. Write E. B.
Blakely, Director, St. George's School, Newport, R. I.,
for booklet.

CAMP NEWAKA

For Girls—Gold Lake, Colorado, near Estes Park.
All beautiful camp life activities; riding featured. No
extras. References required. Write for booklet. Mr.
and Mrs. Roy E. Dougan, Directors, 1356 Beach Court,
Lakewood, Ohio.

Skon-o-wah-co Boys 5-13 years. All kinds
of fun on land and water
in the glorious Adirondacks. Riding on ponies and horses.
Swimming. Fishing. Hikes. Picnics. Tennis. Expert
instruction. Resident physician. "Unk" C. Berard
Mills, 926 W. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.

MILLS ADIRONDACK CAMP
Girls 5-20 years. Three groups. Favorite land and
water sports. Special instruction in Riding, Dancing,
Swimming. Expert care. Fine table. CLUB for
adults. Affiliated with Skon-o-wah-co, camp for junior
boys. Mrs. W. Hough Mills, 926 W. Genesee Street,
Syracuse, N. Y.

SCHOOLS

Bordentown MILITARY INSTITUTE

Thorough preparation for college or business.
Efficient faculty, small classes, individual attention.
Boys taught how to study. Supervised
athletics. 42nd year. Special Summer Session.
COL. T. D. LANDON, Principal
Drawer C-15 Bordentown-on-the-Delaware, N. J.

WESTBROOK**SEMINARY FOR GIRLS**

One of New England's oldest and best equipped schools,
offering four years' preparatory and one year college work.
Outdoor sports. Gymnasium. Riding. Catalog. Agnes
M. Safford, Principal, Portland, Maine.

1833

SUFFIELD

1926

An endowed school preparing boys for College, Scientific
School, or business, with athletic program for all, under
expert direction. Separate Junior School. Rev. Brownell
Gage, Ph.D., Headmaster, 25 High St., Suffield, Conn.

THE MANLIUS SCHOOL

Saint John's

Military. College preparatory. Thoroughly equipped. Busi-
ness course. Junior Dept. Well-ordered athletics. Catalog.
GEN. WM. VERBECK, Pres., Box 284, Manlius, N. Y.

**MOSS LAKE CAMP "The Camp in the Wilderness"**

AN Adirondack lake surrounded by a private preserve of unbroken forest devoted
entirely to an ideal girls' camp. Rustic Bungalows with a complete bath in each.
Electric lights. Exceptionally fine table. All the usual camp activities, plus fishing,
archery and rifle practice, and many trips of two days and longer by foot, by horse and
by canoe. Camp fee includes tutoring, 6 hours a week of horseback riding and all the
usual "extras." Modern Hotel under the same management 3 miles from camp.
Dr. G. L. LONGSTAFF, Eagle Bay, N. Y.

**A Letter from a Camper**

Letters from campers and students, telling of the joys of their camp and school
life, will be printed here regularly.

Dear Y. C.:

I WOULD like to tell you about our first overnight trip last season
from our camp. You know we take a trip of some kind once a week.
The first trip of the year was a combined Elto and canoe trip to
Treasure Island. The older boys made the trip by canoes, while the
Juniors used the Eltos and towed rowboats as well. The lake was as
smooth as glass, so we made the trip in about two hours.

Upon our arrival Mr. Blakely called for volunteers to gather wood for
the fire. Somehow camp for a minute looked like a deserted village.
Finally a dead tree was found and soon a roaring fire was ready. Some-
body burned the cocoa but everyone was too hungry to notice it much.
Several bass had been snaked out of the deep by Barkie and Art, so they
soon had the air filled with the fragrance of burning fish.

All this time the wind had been growing stronger and by the time we
were ready to turn in, the lake was a pretty fair imitation of the good old
Atlantic. Bedtime stories were slightly interrupted by the arrival of
several girls and a woman in a motor launch, who were planning to have
a birthday party on the island that evening. After discussing the matter
with Mr. Blakely, they decided to celebrate a little farther on.

About twelve o'clock it began to drizzle, but those without ponchos
found shelter under the canoes and continued their sleep. Several of the
more restless ones stirred up the camp fire and swapped yarns around
the blaze. It was great fun telling stories, watching the bats fly over the
fire and listening to the waves slapping against
the rocks. Just at dawn several others tried
their luck at fishing and several more good
sized bass came wiggling out of the water.

Breakfast was served a la carte about six
and everyone packed up for the return trip.
The lake was still rough. Everything went well
except the war canoe. The latter contained so
much weight she couldn't ride the waves as
well as we did. There was no danger as only
older boys and councillors had started in it and
it swamped just a few yards off shore. When the
main party arrived on the scene it was to find
the six occupants of the canoe staging a track
meet on the shore. Everything floated ashore,
even Sned's uke, thus saving Sned from a
broken heart. The strings were all gone but
one, but it sounded just the same to us anyway.
It was great fun and I hope to be back next
summer.

GEORGE READS BRIGHT
(15 years old)



Write for Information
to
DIRECTOR
School and Camp Dept.
8 Arlington St., Boston

The New York Electrical School

(Techno-vocational)

Gives complete training by actual practice. You get the knack of "HOW" and the theory of "WHY" and the
best business methods used in the World of Electrical Activity. This school is the pioneer of the "Learn by
Doing" method. When you have completed this Course you will be fully qualified to handle ALL branches
of Electrical industry. Equipment unequalled and up-to-the-minute. No preparation needed. You can
start to learn on any day of any week throughout the whole year. Send for catalogue.

42 W. 17th Street

New York City

ARE you planning definitely to go to a camp this sum-
mer or a private school in the fall?
Please mention *The Youth's Companion* if you
write to any of the schools and camps listed on this page.

CAMPS

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN

French Camp for girls, Lake Champlain, July and
August. 150 acres, with one and one-half mile shore
front, landlocked bay, safe beaches, athletic field,
farm dairy and gardens, saddle horses. Native
French associates and specially trained councillors
promote the easy, rapid acquisition of French by
direct, natural methods. \$300.

EDWARD D. COLLINS, Director,
MIDDLEBURY, Vt.

WILD-CROFT For Boys 7-11, 12-15

On Lake Sebago, No. Windham, Maine
Mother and Dad will enjoy planning Camp
if you show them Wild-Croft pictures.
Send for booklet of worthwhile activities
of Happiness, Health and Safety. Horse-
back riding. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley L. Freese, 144 Austin
St., S.W., Worcester, Mass.

CAMP MINNE-WAWA For Boys and Young Men

A summer of real outdoor life—fishing, canoeing, swimming,
hiking. On Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Park,
Highlands of Ontario. Good camp-mates. Fine food. Rea-
sonable terms. For booklet "A" write W. L. Wise, Ph.B.,
Bordentown, N. J.

CAMP "MOY-MO" (Moy-mo-da-yo) for Girls

Pequaket Lake, Cornish,
Maine. Number limited. Unusual advantages included in
the tuition, \$325. Ages 6 to 20 yrs. Advanced work and
training for oldest group. Booklet. F. HELEN MAYO, 15
Wren Street, West Roxbury, Mass. Phone: Parkway 2700.

SEN-A-PE Woodcraft Camp Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

Boys, 7 to 16. A superior Camp at a moderate price, \$150.
All camp activities. Free booklet. DR. J. W. MERCER,
Director, Room 303, Windham Club, Yonkers, N. Y.

BOB-WHITE

For boys from 5 to 15. Ashland, Mass. Horse-
back and mountain trips. All sports. Best
food and care. Booklet. R. C. HILL, 547
West 123rd St., New York City. Mrs. Sara
B. Hayes, 6 Stedman St., Brookline, Mass.

CAMP BAY STATE, TILTON, N. H.

For boys 9-18. Trips to all points of interest in the White
Mts. and Lakes in N. H. featured. Sports. Woodcraft
Circle. Rifle Range. Nature-Study. Every boy learns
to swim. 8 weeks \$200.00. Write for booklet.
M. M. Ballam, 28 Peirce St., Arlington Heights, Mass.

CAMP RED WING For Girls

Silver Lake, Susquehanna County, Pa. 1800 feet above sea
level, in pine forest. Complete equipment. All camp sports
and activities. Experienced physician, trained nurse. Cata-
logue. Everett C. Wilson, Louis E. Lamborn. After June
15, Brackney, Pa. Maryland, Baltimore, Friends School.

UNCLASSIFIED

Scholarship

A Scholarship is offered
in part payment for tui-
tion in any department
of Music in one of the
best Girls' Boarding
Schools near Boston.
Write immediately for
particulars. Address
Dept. Y, 8 Arlington St.,
Boston, Mass.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and
Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I
cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogus,
9327 Bogus Bldg., 1147 N. 1st St., Indianapolis

STAMMERERS
I can teach you to speak normally.
Send for free booklet telling how.
SAMUEL Y. ROBBINS
419 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Miscellany

SPARROWS

By John Hanlon

*Hushed is the liquid flight of silver arrows
With which the flown birds warred upon me,
yet*

*There lingers consolation in the sparrows
Who do not fly away from winter's threat;*

*But, braving zero bite and blizzard, drifting
Fantastic terraces or moulding leaves
Of ivory and crystal, they are lifting
Their cheery chatter in the icy eaves.*

*For May the lark! Thank God that bleak
December*

*Holds one blithe, chirping key to April's door,
For city sparrows make the heart remember
That wings will wake and bird-song well once
more!*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FACE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, though so great a man, was not by any means prepossessing in appearance. When physical beauty was distributed the distributing angels evidently passed over Lincoln's cradle. His portraits show an unusual plainness and homeliness of feature. Yet a lovely story is told of how Lincoln's face seemed to one person at least to be one of the most beautiful faces in the world. That person was an American mother whose boy had been condemned to be shot, for falling asleep at his sentry post, during the Civil War.

The mother in great distress sought an interview with Lincoln. He, with all the cares of state and all the pressing anxieties of the war on his shoulders, granted her an interview and listened to that humble mother's story. The lad had been doing duty for a comrade, and the strain of double service had proved too much for him.

Lincoln had the boy's papers brought and there and then signed a reprieve. In Drinkwater's play that interview is one of the great moments. The mother with tears streaming down her face, comes out from Lincoln's presence and, going up to Stevens, who had obtained the interview, says between her sobs, "You told me Mr. Lincoln was ugly. How could you say so? I think he has one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw."

When Lincoln heard that tribute, his eyes, we are told, filled with tears.

That mother had seen something in his so plain face—a light of sympathy and of love, something that transformed the homeliness of it—that her memory of it was of beauty.

That suggests possibilities. If there is beauty within it will somehow creep in to the plainest face and at times transfigure it. Better than all the art of transformation,

and better than all the much advertised alchemies of the beauty saloon, is this alchemy of the kindly heart and the loving deed.

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND

DAVY McDONALD and his wife Molly lived on an abandoned lumber tract in Texas in a small comfortable cottage. Their home was several miles from the nearest neighbor. They worked a small truck farm and kept a number of cows, pigs and many chickens.

Like many persons who live much by themselves and have never learned to make companions of books, they always retired very early in the evening and rose correspondingly early in the morning. Davy found the nights long and tiresome and was glad of an excuse to rise even before the proverbial lark. He was much like the man referred to by John G. Saxe in Early Rising,

"who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow until it's fairly light."

In speaking to a fisherman who was spending a few days with him, Davy once said:

"I like to get up in the morning: 'long about half past three or four o'clock I wake up and can't go to sleep again; so I get up and go out in the barnyard and look at the pigs and cows and feed the chickens and putter round till breakfast is ready. Now the old woman is jest the other way: she never wants to get up, and I never wake her. I let her sleep jest as long as she wants to."

Now Davy had the reputation of being not overkind to or considerate of his wife, and his visitor was not a little surprised at this expression of conjugal solicitude.

"Ha, Davy, good for you," he said to himself. "I did not know that you were so thoughtful of your wife."

"Yes," resumed Davy, "I never call her or wake her up: as long as she has my breakfast on the table by six o'clock, I let her sleep jest as late as she wants to."

THE YOUNGER GENERATION ASSUMES THE REINS

DISCUSSING in his entertaining column in the London Sphere the change in the attitude of husbands to wives since the heyday of the Victorian eon, Mr. Clement K. Shorter remarks:

Today a man is taught his true position, if not by his wife, certainly by his daughters. Some time ago a friend of mine, who had all his faculties, and fine philosophical faculties at that, was conducted by his young daughter to his tailor, who took exclusively and deferentially from her all his instructions. My friend bore all this with his usual philosophy, but even his philosophy nearly gave way when the tailor said to his eighteen-years-old daughter:

"You may bring him again, madam, on Tuesday."

"He's the Honor Scout of the troop"

"He saved two lives last summer, and he's an 'honest-to-Pete' Eagle Scout."

"Everybody likes him, and when there's anything doing Bob is always there."

"He says he'd rather lose his right arm than be without his bicycle, and his good old New Departure coaster brake."



It's the same story everywhere. In your town—in all the towns—the real fellows are the kind who know what a wonderful help the bicycle is in everything they do. You, too, ought to have one—equipped with a New Departure, the brake that is as strong and sure as steel can make it.

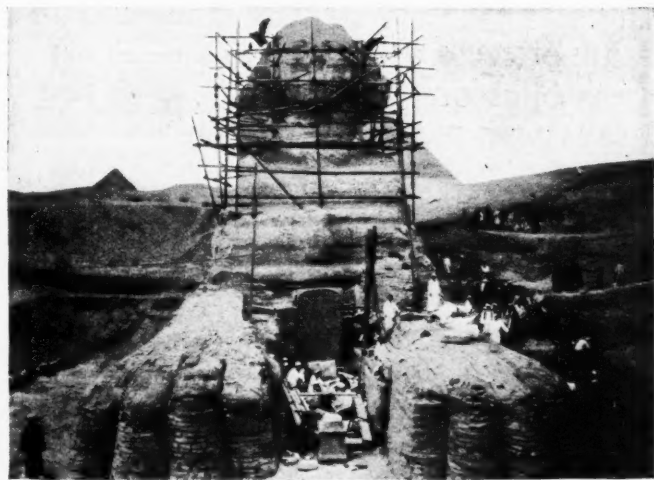
If your birthday comes this month tell Dad the best present is a New Departure equipped bicycle.

Send today for the amusing New Departure puzzles.

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO.
Bristol, Conn.

NEW DEPARTURE

THE BRAKE WITH THE MIGHTY GRIP



BEHOLD THE FEET OF THE SPHINX

THIS picture of the famous Egyptian Sphinx is a very unusual one, for it shows the gigantic paws, built of masonry, which have been for many years hidden beneath the drifting sands of the desert. The paws were uncovered during some extensive repairs which it was found necessary to make on the head of the Sphinx, in which

several large cracks have appeared. The paws are more than sixty feet long and some ten feet in height. If any of our readers wish to see the Sphinx, paws and all, they had better make early arrangements to go to Egypt, for the desert sands will begin to drift in again, and in a few years the paws will be completely covered.

SKIN IRRITATIONS

For their immediate relief and healing doctors prescribe

Resinol

Asthma and Hay-Fever

You ought to know of the successful results of the Hayes Method. Many cases cured permanently.

Particulars and references by addressing

P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—Bulletin Y-253

ADVERTISERS

know the article they advertise better than anyone else can know and their advertisements, catalogs, and other printed matter are intended to give complete information. If you read and answer advertisements you learn of many things that are calculated to contribute to the convenience, comfort, and happiness of everyday life which otherwise you might know nothing about. We shall deem it a favor if you will mention The Youth's Companion when answering advertisements.

Knocks Corns

INSTANTLY

Corns, Callouses, Bunions yield at once to the wonderful medication in this thin, comfortable plaster. You walk, play, dance in comfort. No more nagging foot pains; no dangerous applications of acids and poisons.

Medicated COMFITAPE

Absorbs all hard growths without injury to healthy flesh. Antiseptic, healing. Big spool, 50 square inches, lasts most families year or more. Send \$1 and if not satisfied after trying, get full refund.

COMFITAPE LABORATORY, Box Y Burlington, Vt.

VIRGINIA FARMS

ON CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY.

AS LOW AS \$20 PER ACRE

Write for free booklet about fertile Virginia farms with improvements. Delightful climate. Livestock, trucking, general farming. Fast transportation at reasonable rates to nearby markets. Schools and churches excellent—good roads and taxes low.

K. T. CRAWLEY, Land Agent, ROOM 17, CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY., RICHMOND, VA.

STAMMERING

easily, permanently corrected. Win happiness and success. Ask for full information and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage.

157 Glenview Ave., The LEWIS INSTITUTE, Detroit

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy. Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.



This beautiful life mask of Mrs. Alex Chapman is Mr. Akers's masterpiece, so far

How Mr. Akers Does It

By HARRY A. PACKARD

Two young men in Norway, Maine, have just completed some novel experiments in making life masks of a dozen men and women. Armed with meager information, they proceeded largely by experiments. The inspiration came from Douglas Volk, the famous artist, who owns the life mask which his father, Leonard Volk, made of Abraham Lincoln, and also one or two casts of Sioux Indians.

The two experimenters are Vivian M. Akers, artist and photographer, and his young friend Henry C. Cullinan, a student at Bates College. Mr. Akers tells the story:

"In an art magazine some years ago I ran across a record of finding the mask of one of the old French kings, and so I made a number of plaster-of-Paris casts of one thing or another, fish, apples, human hands, etc. After Christmas came a quiet time and my young friend Henry Cullinan and I decided to make life masks of each other. We bought ten pounds of plaster-of-Paris. Henry volunteered to be the first patient and went into the ordeal very gracefully. Eyes must be closed. A tube is inserted in either nostril. Hen was a hero. I smeared his face well with vaseline and plastered it deep with the soggy material. He remained motionless for eight minutes.

"I feel pretty salve,' quoth Henry then!

"The first experiments taught us a lot.

"Mr. Edwin S. Cummings, local lumber merchant, who had been finishing a beautiful house with plaster-of-Paris for his wall surfaces, became interested in our experiments and contributed a barrel of plaster.

"Dr. Harry P. Jones gave valuable information for the treatment of the moulds, suggesting that we varnish the interiors with violet shellac (shellac and indelible pencil whittlings), which aided greatly when taking a mould from a cast by showing which was mould and which was cast.

"We made a wooden box with hinged sides to hold the head and used a big table, where the patient could be more comfortable. We procured canvas for the floor and launched out in a wholesale way.

MEMBERSHIPS

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any question concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the weekly, quarterly and annual awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Address

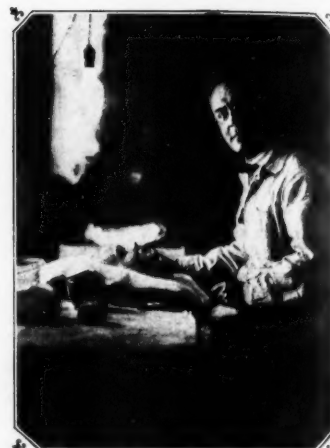
The Y. C. LAB LIFE MASKS

Y. C. Lab Members Are Producing Portraits of Great Artistic Merit by Simple Process

LIFE masks have been admired in all ages of mankind. Many books have been written about them. The subjects, up to now, have been largely kings and queens and other celebrities. But, thanks to Mr. Vivian Akers, the boys of the Y. C. Lab have been able to produce life masks of remarkable beauty and merit, which they are selling at prices commensurate with their value.

On this page you will find an account of Mr. Akers's experiments and a report by Mr. Harry I. Shumway, Y. C. Lab Councilor in charge at Wollaston.

You will probably want to experiment along this line. If successful, you will be master of a rare and valuable art, and you will achieve portraits of yourself and your friends which have the value of sculpture. But you must progress carefully. Do not try to make a life mask unless you are at least seventeen, and unless you have practiced (as Mr. Shumway recommends) with other casts. Read carefully Bulletin No. 1 of the Y. C. Lab, which is mailed free to Associate Members and Members. To all others, the price is twenty-five cents. The Youth's Companion assumes no responsibility for any accident or failure incurred.



Vivian M. Akers, the young photographer who showed that life masks can be made by amateurs



Three Members of Y. C. Lab No. 1, at Wollaston, Mass., made these life masks of one another. You will recognize them. From left to right: Herbert Sawyer, Lewis Doten and Clifford O'Connell. Masks are on view at 8 Arlington Street, Boston

"Mr. Cummings bravely went on the table. We tried twice to make a mould, but the condition of his nose was such that he was unable to get air enough for the eight minutes required for the plaster to harden. After the first great handful of soggy plaster went on his face Ed went into the air with a leap. Plaster-of-Paris went flying in all directions. For more than thirty years he had been sleeping nights on his side and could not breathe at all while on his back.

"Hugh Pendexter's family, Hugh himself, his sons, Hugh, Jr., and Faunce, we thought would make an excellent series. They were willing, and they all came through finely.

"Alexander Chapman came in one night and wanted a mask made right off the bat. I rushed for the plaster-of-Paris, and Hen shoved a jar of vaseline towards the would-be-victim. 'Smear it on well,' Henry admonished.

"Chapman may have heard but didn't comprehend. At any rate he had one of the finest moustaches that had been seen in this section for a long time. Unfortunately, he kept the vaseline away from it.

"It was late, and we were tired and made too heavy a plaster. It set almost instantly. I began the task of removing the mould. The mould didn't come off as easily as it went on. We had cemented Chapman's moustache permanently!

"Cut it," he gurgled. 'I'll never have another mask made, and I can grow a new moustache!'

"I pried the mask up a bit and clipped off the moustache, and thus Chapman's fea-

tures have been saved for posterity—but smooth shaven!

"Then the girls came forward. Elizabeth Hall, Mrs. Virginia Luce, Ruth Akers and my wife were each cast in turn. Their sportsmanship was excellent, and they did not complain about the plaster in their hair or about the grease we smeared on their faces.

"Frances Moore, who is now Mrs. Alex Chapman, has features adapted for a profile. We made a mould of one half of the whole head from the side, including her neck and shoulders. This came out wonderfully well, and the plaster was so delicate that the texture of the skin was perfectly recorded.

"To make the mask, the mould must be smoothed and any cast marks removed. Great care must be exercised in pouring the plaster to avoid bubbles. Do not stir vigorously in mixing the plaster, but cut with a knife."

Our Success at Wollaston

By HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY
Councilor, Y. C. Lab

THE minute Mr. Packard's story came into The Youth's Companion office, we decided that there could hardly be anything more interesting than making life masks. The motto of the Y. C. Lab, as you know, is "test everything out." Nothing gets on this

page until a boy has built it. So Clifford O'Connell and Herbert Sawyer and I got right to work; with the result that we proved the process does work—if you know how.

As soon as our first mask—the one of Clifford O'Connell—was taken to Boston, a very well-known man saw it and ordered one of his son. We stand ready to make a few of them at Wollaston, at \$25 each. Telephone, Granite 5389-W; street address, 33 Prospect Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

Now to sum up:

First, we didn't try this until we had made a few simple casts of other things. Learn how to mix and pour the plaster-of-Paris, how long it takes to set, and how to prepare the mould to make the finished cast. The plaster is cheap. One mask requires about fifteen pounds.

Second, we made a rough three-sided box, big enough for the human head and about five inches high. The subject lies on his or her back, with the head in this box, which is open at the top. We also made a wooden mixing knife and provided a big mixing spoon, a jar of vaseline, plenty of old cloths and some rubber tubing of a size to fit the nostrils.

Third, we assured the subject that he was going to experience nothing more terrifying than eight minutes of absolute quiet. He must keep his eyes shut, and not move his mouth. We arranged him comfortably on a long, strong table. We put plenty of cloths under his head and around his neck and built them up over his ears. We allowed no part of his face and head to receive any plaster except what you see in the photograph above. Then we smeared his face thickly with vaseline, covering all hair, eyebrows and lashes. There is no hurry about this. We did a thorough job.

Fourth, we mixed about ten pounds of plaster-of-Paris, with water, in a big bowl. When it was of the consistency of cream, we inserted the rubber tubes into the nostrils of the subject, made sure he could breathe easily through them, and then poured on the plaster-of-Paris in big spoonfuls until the face was covered with a layer at least an inch thick. We were very careful round the nose. In eight to ten minutes the plaster set. We lifted it off very gently and carefully, watching for stray locks of hair.

Fifth, we cleaned the inside of the mould and applied a coat of shellac. We plugged up the nostril holes with wet plaster, smoothing them carefully.

Sixth, we made the mask by smearing the inside of the mould with vaseline, and pouring enough newly mixed wet plaster to fill it. We held it level, so the finished mask could be hung on the wall. We allowed it to set for an hour and then pulled it out; we had trouble with this at first, but are overcoming the difficulty. Finished the mask, after drying it overnight, by painting with ivory or cream enamel.

Remember not to try to make a life mask of any nervous girl or woman, or of any young child or baby.

This summary is necessarily brief. Before you make any experiments with living subjects, you should read carefully Y. C. Lab Bulletin No. 1, which will be mailed to any Y. C. Lab Member, Associate Member or boy who has applied for membership, on receipt of a two-cent postage stamp. This bulletin is available to all others for twenty-five cents. Write to The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

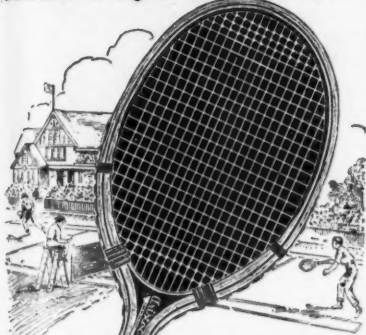


Member O'Connell being prepared for the mould



Member O'Connell lying still while the plaster sets

in the Davis Cup Matches players of world renown use this style racket



6

In Kent's Aristocrat you get for a moderate price the same style racket used by leading players. It has the popular LAMINATED bowl!

Frame of good second-growth white ash reinforced thruout with fibre; beveled inside; shoulders silk wound in four places; strung with best quality imported gut.

Ask your sporting goods dealer - if he cannot supply you, write us.

Catalog describing the ARISTOCRAT and other KENT models, and giving complete rules of the game, sent FREE.

Kent's
ARISTOCRAT

E. KENT ESTATE
Pawtucket, R. I.
Est. 1846
Makers of Fine
Tennis Rackets

RAISE GUINEA PIGS FOR US

Clean, tiny pets, easy to raise in small space. Multiply rapidly; eat grain, hay, vegetable scraps. We supply breeders cheap and buy all you raise at top prices. Contract, price list, etc., FREE.

D. Breeders League, 4553 Davison Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SHOMONT WHITE COLLIES
Thoroughbred - The "Aces" of All Dog-doms.
The most beautiful dogs in the world. Intelligent, fearless, faithful. They guard your home, watch your herds, play with your children. Write for special lists. Satisfaction guaranteed.
SHOMONT KENNELS, Box 160, Monticello, Iowa

Colson Wheel Chairs
and Cripples' Tricycles
Models for All Needs
The COLSON Co.
1235 Cedar St., Elyria, O. Catalog Free

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies, Vaudeville Acts, How to Stage a Play and Reviews, Make-up Goods, Street Opening Chances, Dinky Plays. Catalog FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 77 CHICAGO

BABY CHICKS

PINE TREE
Healthy, husky chicks from free-range breeders, mated by licensed poultry judge. Chicks shipped prepaid, safe arrival guaranteed. 34 years' experience protects your investment. Write for FREE CHICK BOOK and latest prices.
PINE TREE HATCHERY
Box C Stockton, New Jersey
BABY CHICKS

LABORATORY JUST-RITE
Baby Chicks
ONE MILLION CERTIFIED, QUALITY, TRAPNEST CHICKS from Vigorous High Record Layers, 40 Breeds, \$10 per 100 and up postpaid - Live arrival guaranteed. Write for free color plate and book FREE. Hatcheries Box E, Gambier, Ohio

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Subscription Price: \$2.00 a Year in advance for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 for foreign countries. When asking for a change of address, please give the old as well as the new address.

Remittances: Bank Check or Draft, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter; no other way by mail is safe. Send all mail to the General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Manuscripts: Send to The Editors, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. MSS. will be given ordinary care, but return is not guaranteed. Keep a carbon copy of all MSS. you send to publishers.

Published Weekly by
PERRY MASON COMPANY
Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Publication Office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H.

Things We Talk About

OUR OWN HAZEL GREY, lingering outside her office the other morning, confessed that she had met the postman in the hall and he had given her some letters from her morning mail. "And of course I had to open them right there," she said. "I couldn't wait. Read the letters, and you'll understand." So we read them, and understood, and we want you to read them too.

"YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW PROUD and high-hatted I was to have an effort of mine rewarded by publication," writes Katherine Greene, fifteen years old, one of the winners in Hazel Grey's recent contest for good money-making ideas. "Why, when I got your letter, I just danced, very unladylike, all over the room!"

Then there is Elizabeth Bridgland, of Winnebago, Ill. "I thought you would like an extract from my little old book I call 'Scribbles.' I hope you won't be too critical."

The old Youth's Companion has been finely changed. Since a page just for girls showed up neatly arranged

By a certain dear person who popped into view And settled herself to give pleasure to you.

Her games for our parties were just pure delight; They will scare away all the young hostess' fright.

Then along came the china, and how the paint flew!

Mr. Wedgwood would worry if he only knew.

At last a deep secret, which no one could guess - 'Twas dreadful hard waiting, I have to confess:

On Thursday, Jan. 7, throughout the whole land,

Girls opened the paper with a trembling hand,

And what could come closer to any girl's heart Than the knowledge of clothes which Miss Grey can impart?

MARY HOLLOWAY, fourteen years old, of Walhalla, S. C., thanks us for the twenty-dollar gold piece she won recently, and sends us some verses. "It is the height of my ambition to write something for The Companion," she says. Sixteen years ago President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale visited Harvard, at a time when scholarship prizes were being given out, and made a great speech called "The Obligation of the Prize-Winner." He made it clear that the prize-winner could not sit down, in a sort of comfortable and self-satisfied doze, and live forever on his glory. On the contrary, prize-winners are expected to be up and doing something even better. Mary Holloway knows that; and so do the 7477 other exceptional boys and girls who have won prizes from The Youth's Companion during the past three months. They are a wonderful group of young people. Some of them have won premiums for selling subscriptions; some have made splendid scientific contributions to the Y. C. Lab; and others have written thoughtful, observant letters on sportsmanship and other important subjects.

If you are not in this group of 7477 prize-winners, join them as soon as you can. If you are among them, remember that you are a boy or girl from whom this country has a right to expect much achievement in the future. Life itself is a prize contest on a large scale, full of rewards for people who dare to strive and to attain.

New Model Ingersoll

WRIST WATCHES (Tonneau-Shape)

ILLUSTRATIONS can't do justice to the new model Ingersoll Wrist Watches. They can't show the real character of the design nor how the watch and strap shape themselves to lie flat on the wrist.

No Strap Beneath

Radiolite
Tells time in the dark
\$4.50



Metal Dial
\$4.00



Now in addition to the Wrist Radiolite at \$4.50, there is a metal dial model without the luminous feature, priced at \$4.00.

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS

BETTER BOATS at Lower Prices

Canoes
Rowboats
Outboard Motor Boats
Motor Boats

The BEST that Skill and Experience can Produce

TWO BIG FACTORIES
Our complete line of 22 models offers you a variety to choose from. Prompt shipment from factory to you. FREE delivery, express prepaid on 30 Days Free Trial. Cash or easy payments.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
431 Ellis Ave., PESHIGO, WIS. (Write to Either Place)
1231 Elm Street, CORTLAND, N.Y.

Ranger's 5 a Month
Finest bicycle built - 44 styles, colors and sizes. Factory to Rider prices. FREE delivery, express prepaid on 30 Days Free Trial. Cash or easy payments. Tires, lamps, wheels and equipment at half usual prices. Send no money. Write today for big catalog. special Factory Bicycle Prices from \$21.50 up! Free trial plan and numerous offers.
Mead CYCLE COMPANY Write us today for free catalog
DEPT. W-50 CHICAGO

Wrestling Book FREE
Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle barroom with ease. Write for free book. Blue eyes.
Farmer Burns School, 2584 Oakway Ave., Omaha, Neb.

Take a Tip from WALTER JOHNSON

Get a **D&M**
No. G40
GLOVE



It is the Glove that we make for the famous Speedball King and the one he always uses.

You may be headed for the Big Leagues, so by all means Start Right!

Babe Ruth, Max Carey, Bucky Harris and in fact over 90 per cent of the Major League Stars use D&M Gloves or Mitts.

"The Lucky Dog Kind"

There's a D&M dealer somewhere in your city who is ready to supply you with Complete Base Ball equipment. Look him up and get acquainted.

Send today for our new Spring Catalog, Book of Official Rules, and illustrated folder How to Play the Outfield and Steal Bases, written by Max Carey, Captain Pittsburgh Pirates.

They're Free

If there is no D&M dealer handy, buy direct from the factory.

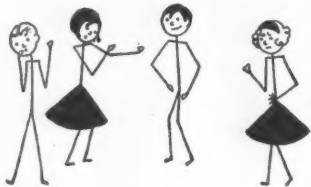
THE DRAPER-MAYNARD CO.
Dept. Y.
Plymouth, N. H., U. S. A.



This is Marion's idea of Adelaide.
What do you think of it?

1. LITTLE DUTCH BAND

The players sit or stand around the room in a circle. The leader assigns to each some imaginary musical instrument—harp, horn, fife, drum, trombone, violin, flute, banjo, and so forth. Each player must imitate as nearly as possible the instrument which has been assigned to her. All goes well until the leader suddenly drops his instrument and begins playing on that of another member



of the band. At this the player whose instrument has been borrowed must change his attitude to imitate the instrument the leader dropped. This continues, the leader taking up the imaginary instruments of the various members of the band, and they at the same time adopting the leader's instrument,—the one he started with, not the one he has just dropped,—until all the members are playing on the same instrument.

2. GRATITUDE

Each guest is given paper and pencil and told to arrange a list of numbers down the side of the paper, one to fifteen. Then all must make a list of things they are thankful for. Only humorous answers will be considered. The papers are collected without names attached, and judges are named to go over the lists and decide who is the winning person. The papers are returned, each person taking one at random, so as to relieve her of the embarrassment of reading her own paper.

3. TREES OF THE WOODS

Make a list of words that suggest names of trees, like this: 1, twins; 2, to languish; 3, well-groomed; 4, a tool. The answers are: 1, pear; 2, pine; 3, spruce; 4, plane. These names are to be guessed. For a prize, a dainty apron cut in the shape of a maple leaf and edged with lace, would be pretty.

4. HIDDEN CITIES

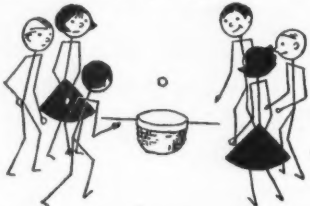
Provide each guest with a piece of paper and pencil and ask the following questions. Answers are to be written and then the papers passed to the right for correction.

What city has few people? Scarcity.
What city is full of hypocrites? Duplicity.
What city has many chauffeurs? Velocity.
What city has greedy people? Voracity.

What city is for reporters? Audacity.
What city is for authors? Publicity.
What city is for wise people? Sagacity.
What city has great crowds? Multiplicity.
What city has odd people? Eccentricity.
What city has unhappy people? Infelicity.
What city is full of office-seekers? Pertinacity.
What city is for radio fans? Electricity.
What city is for the nations? Sagacity.
What city is full of truthful people? Veracity.
What city is for talkative people? Loquacity.

5. ANIMALS

Choose sides with leaders, X and Y. X calls out an animal whose name begins with A and counts ten. If Y can respond with another before X has finished counting, he does so, and begins counting, and X has to name an animal in A. This is repeated until no more names in A are forthcoming, when another letter is taken. If Y cannot give a name before ten has been counted, X chooses one of Y's followers, and vice versa. When one side confesses its inability to name any more animals, its opponents are entitled to choose as many members of that side as the new names they can give, beginning with the



given letter. The only duty of the other players is to suggest new names for their respective captains. Before beginning this game, it would be well to appoint a secretary to make a list of the different names given, arranged alphabetically, no name to be used twice.

6. HEAVYWEIGHT THROW

Get a half-bushel basket and a cheap ball. A basket or tennis ball is best for this game. Choose sides. The contestants stand twelve feet from the basket. Each player endeavors to throw the ball into the basket. The side wins that succeeds in getting the ball to stay in the basket the greatest number of times in a given number of throws.

NEXT WEEK—

The winners in the Joke Contest will be announced and some jokes published, with directions for making a good-looking scrapbook

GAMES

Try These at Your Next Party

THE other day I was talking with an artist friend of mine, named Marion Murr, and of course I had to tell her all about Suzanne and Adelaide and Betty. She was interested straight off, just the way you all are, and she said she would like to draw them as she pictured them. And she did. I thought it would be great fun to show you her drawings, because you know what the girls look like. So here they are. She did rather well on the whole, didn't she? Suzanne says her room at boarding-school doesn't look very much like this one, but she has no objection to make about it.

I know you will be glad to have all these new games, so many of you are writing for them for your parties. There are some more coming later on.

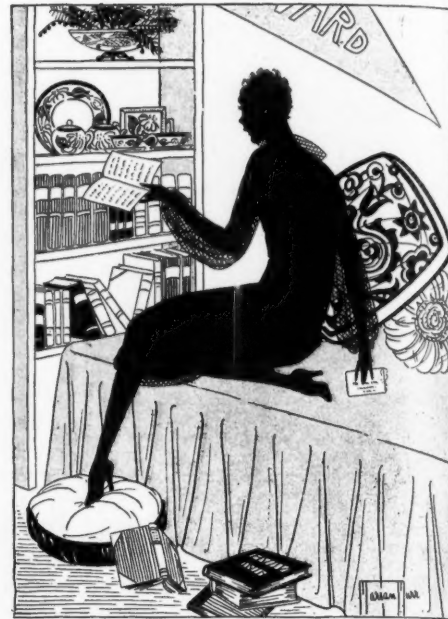
ABOUT THE CONTEST

Have you begun to write down your reasons for wanting to go to college, or for not wanting to go? Remember, twenty-five dollars for the letter with the best reasons pro or con. Letters are due April 15. They must not be over four hundred words each. Think hard and really discover for yourself just why you have the attitude you have. It's not what you are going to do, remember. It is what you want to do that will count in the contest. Address your letters to me.

Hazel Gray.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

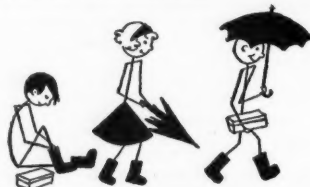


And this is the way she likes to picture
Suzanne at school

placed in the center of a large table. A round one is best. Tell how the fairies have placed a spell upon it and that great good fortune will attend anyone who succeeds in kissing the stone, after having been blindfolded and turned around three times.

7. A POTATO RACE

Arrange five chairs at each end of a long room, the rows facing each other. At one end place six large potatoes on each chair. Five persons play at a time. The object is to carry each potato on a teaspoon from one end of the room to the other without dropping it. The potato must not be touched except with the spoon. If it is dropped, it must be picked up with the spoon, carried back to the chair and a new start made. The one who gets all his potatoes over first wins.



8. THE RAINY-DAY RACE

Give each contestant a shoebox containing a pair of overshoes, tied with string, and a closed umbrella. When the starter counts three the boxes must be untied, the overshoes put on, and the umbrellas opened. The contestants then walk across the room as rapidly as possible to a set line, remove the overshoes, replace them in the boxes, tie the boxes and close the umbrellas before they walk to their starting place. The one who arrives there first wins.

9. SUM CONTEST

Select five players and seat them at one end of the room. At the other end have five persons holding paper and pencil. Write an easy sum in addition. The captain calls "Go!" and the players run toward the papers, do the sum and return to their seats. The player doing her sum correctly in the shortest time is the winner. That the game may be entirely fair, it is best to have the same sum for all five.

10. THE BLARNEY STONE

This game adds one more novelty and is great fun. A stone should be treated to a generous coat of whitewash and



11. CONSUMERS' LEAGUE

For a drinking race, each player is given half a glassful of water and a spoon. The water must be consumed a spoonful at a time, and the one who finishes first is the winner. If any is spilled, that contestant is barred from the game.

12. TOSSING THE SMILE

The main object of this game is to keep your face straight during the times when you are "it." Ask the guests to form a circle. Choose one person to stand in the center. Suddenly she smiles a broad smile at some one person in the circle, who smiles back, and the two exchange places. If any other guest in the circle allows her facial expression to slip a mite, she must pay a penalty. Here



are suggestions for penalties for smiling out of turn: Make the person go around and smile at every one present, individually; have the person smile three times at herself for thirty seconds without stopping.

13. NUT GAME

This game may be played with small slips of paper and pencil, or the answers may be given verbally, a nut being handed to the first one who gives the correct answer to a question. Here are a few suggestions as to questions and answers:

What nut grows nearest the sea? The beech-nut.
What nut is the lowest? The groundnut.
What nut is the color of a pretty girl's eyes? The hazelnut.
What nut is good for naughty boys? The hickorynut.
What nut grows on the Amazon? The brazil-nut.
What nut is like a Chinaman's eyes? The almond.
What nut lives in a pen? The pignut.
What nut is like a goat? The butternut.
What nut might be made of stone? The walnut.
What nut is like a dog's tail? The wagon nut.

14. NEEDLE RACE

Give each guest six needles and a spool of thread. The one who threads them all first wins the prize.

Fashions for the Young Girl

A Good-looking Dress for School

Dear Suzanne:

You should have been at our last club meeting! Hazel Grey came and brought us the rules for graphology, and we read each other's handwriting to beat the band. Next time we are going to bring all our friends and read them all together. And Hazel Grey has joined my club! Isn't that exciting? And she is helping us plan all sorts of the most delightful things. She showed us how to make a joke book just like the one she plans to put in The

How about making your own clothes? Ever so many of you have written me for suggestions, but even at that I have a few good ideas left over. Write me for them. And don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want an answer.

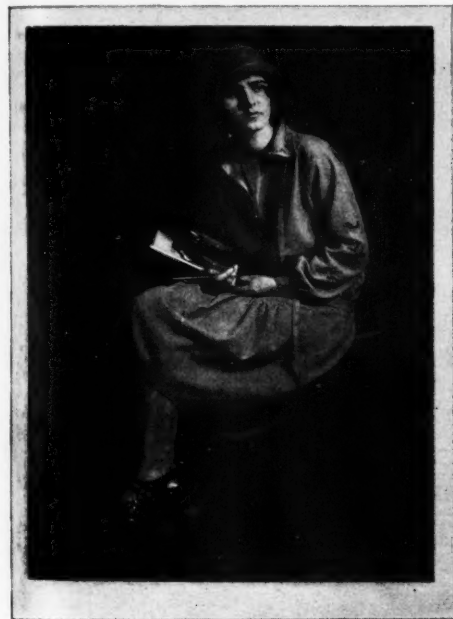
H. G.

ask her to help them with theirs. We think that she should put something about graduation presents in her pages. Would it help you if she did?

But I must not forget to tell you about the dress I'm wearing in the picture. It's made of wool crepe and has ever so good-looking cross-stitch trimming in all sorts of bright colors. The dress comes in green, copenhagen, and bois-de-rose in sizes twelve, fourteen and sixteen. What I like mostly is the raglan sleeve. It's full—and the boyish collar is good. The dress is smocked in front just below the belt, which gives it a very different look. It cost \$16.50. How do you like the hat? It is a Betty-and-Anne—I love those Betty-and-Anne's,—and it costs \$5.95. It comes in red, rose, green, beige, black, gray and white felt. The shoes are called Ritz. Doesn't that sound chic? They come in brown calf and black patent leather for \$6.50 in sizes three to eight, widths A to D, and they are just the thing for a good all-round shoe. Filene's hasn't so many of them; so, if you want a pair, you'd better tell Hazel Grey right off.

There's one more thing I want to tell you about: the club meeting. We discussed. You know what I mean—college and parties and careers and boys and lessons and government. All of us are keen on Hazel Grey's college contest, and so we talked about that a long time. Ruth says that she is certainly going to college, because she has already made up her mind to be a doctor. Think of it! She already knows exactly what she wants to do. She's going to Mount Holyoke and take pre-med work, and then she's going to Johns Hopkins. Frances doesn't want to go to college, because she thinks a college education is bad for so many people. It surely is a question. Hazel Grey says she is awfully glad she went.

We think we'll have to have a name for our club, and we thought of all sorts of things to call it. We thought of the G. Y. C., meaning the girls of The Youth's Companion, and then we thought of just The Companions; but we didn't decide on any.



Photograph by Hoyle Studio, Boston

Youth's Companion, and we planned to do ever so many things with paper later on. It's wonderful how many things you can make out of paper and glue. Some of them make good graduation presents.

Have you thought of what you are going to give all the seniors for graduation? Hazel Grey is helping me out with my list, and she says that a lot of people have written in to

What about College?

Have You Entered the Contest yet?

BETTY's club is the most fun! I'm so glad she let me join. I wish every one of you could belong to it or have one of your own just like it. But anyway, you'll all help us think up a good name for it, won't you? And do be sure to send me your reasons for going, or not going, to college. If you don't know about the contest, look up page 225 of our March 18th issue. There's a prize worth trying for.

So many of you are writing to me about your college problems that I know how interested you are in it. Ask me anything about college. What do you want to know? Where to go to get the kind of training you want? What clothes to take? How far before the date of entrance should you send in your application? What you will be able to do when you have finished college? Whether a big college or a small college is better for you? And so on. Let's work it out together.

But about Betty's dress and hat and shoes—they all come from Filene's, you know; and if you want any, send your check or money order to me, and I'll ask Filene's to send you what you want.

How about graphology? If you want the suggestions for the party and the rules for reading character by handwriting, fill in this coupon and mail it to me with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hazel Grey

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel Grey:

Please send me the gypsy's rules for reading character by handwriting and the suggestions for a graphology party. I inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Signed.....

Address.....



take your Harmonica, hold it as shown, place it to the mouth and blow—draw, blow—draw. In ten minutes you will have mastered the scale—and when you can play the scale you can play all!

If you want to enjoy the satisfaction and popularity that comes to those who play the harmonica, get a Hohner today—50c up at all dealers—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies write M. Honner, Inc., Dept. 153, 114 East 16th St., N. Y.



FAVORITE MAGAZINE

Offered to Companion Readers
At Special Reduced Rates

The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$2.50
McCall's Magazine.....	for	
Regular price \$3.00		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$2.25
People's Home Journal.....	for	
Regular price \$2.50		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$2.30
Better Homes & Gardens.....	for	
Regular price \$2.60		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$2.60
Pathfinder.....	for	
Regular price \$3.00		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$2.85
Pictorial Review.....	for	
Regular price \$3.50		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$3.25
Modern Priscilla.....	for	
Regular price \$4.00		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$3.50
Etude Music Magazine.....	for	
Regular price \$4.00		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$3.25
Christian Herald.....	for	
Regular price \$4.00		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$3.75
Junior Home Magazine.....	for	
Regular price \$4.50		
The Youth's Companion.....	Both	\$4.00
Child Life.....	for	
Regular price \$5.00		
The Youth's Companion.....	All	\$5.25
Woman's Home Companion.....	Three	
American Magazine.....		
Regular price \$6.00		
The Youth's Companion.....	All	\$3.15
McCall's Magazine.....	Three	
Pathfinder.....		
Regular price \$4.00		
The Youth's Companion.....	All	\$4.00
Woman's Home Companion.....	Three	
McCall's Magazine.....		
Regular price \$4.50		

All clubs for full year. No extra postage required on Canadian subscriptions for The Youth's Companion—Foreign Postage 50c extra. Postage extra on "Club Offers" for Canadian and Foreign addresses. Lowest club prices quoted on request on any list of magazines. Send all orders, with money order or check, to—

Magazine Club Department

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
BOSTON, MASS.

These Booklets Will Tell You—



How to Invest
Safely at
7%

THOUSANDS of investors, in 48 states and 33 foreign lands, are now owners of SMITH BONDS. The reasons why these investors have chosen Smith Bonds are set forth in our booklet, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety."

This booklet shows you how every SMITH BOND is a strongly secured First Mortgage Bond, protected by safeguards that have resulted in our record of no loss to any investor in 53 years.

How to Invest Small Sums at 7%

If your savings average \$10, \$20, \$50 or more a month, or if you frequently have interest and dividends from securities, we suggest that you read our booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income." This booklet explains our Investment Savings Plan, under which you may invest small sums in 7% SMITH BONDS and get the full rate of bond interest on every payment.

For copies of these two booklets send your name and address on the form below.

THE F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

Smith Building, Washington, D.C.
582 Fifth Avenue, New York

Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Minneapolis

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 53 YEARS

Name..... 88-R

Address.....

ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from asthma. The popularity of Vapo-Cresolene is due to—
Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.
Avoidance of internal medication.
Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879

The household remedy for bronchial troubles
Send for descriptive booklet #28

Sold by druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
Or Leeming-Miles Bldg. Montreal, Canada

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.
Engel
Stylis Art Corners Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A time saving 100 and sample to try. Write ENGEL MFG. CO., Dept. 3D, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

From a Far-Away Friend

Dear Youth's Companion:

You came to our house yesterday, and I read about your Picture Contest; so I made a picture of the Pyramids. I have been there many times and have ridden camels too. I am seven years old, as you can see on the back of the picture I drew. I was born in Vermont, like the President, but have lived mostly in Egypt. I like to read The Youth's Companion.

American Mission Your friend,
Cairo, Egypt CHARLES ADAMS, JR.



Winners in the Fairyland Map Contest

The prize of five dollars goes to

NEWELL AVERY

77 Parkview Avenue, Bangor, Maine, age 10

for the neatest and most complete list of all the places in Fairyland. Congratulations, Newell!

There were ever so many other good lists, and we wish we had space to print the names of all the people who sent them, but there is just enough for the names of the boys and girls who had the very, very best. Here they are, arranged according to the neatness and correctness of the lists:

Ralph Wallace
Georgena Samson
Laura M. Gallup
Edith Orde
Fred Wendt
Mary Louise Rhonemus
Dixie Louise Chambers
Elaine Howard

Della Dempsey
Gray Crawford
Teddy Leedy
Lauretta B. Schantz
Katherine Hamre
Margaret Parry
Harold H. Bragg

Watch for our next contest. It will be announced the last of April, and it is going to be about something of very special interest to every single one of you!

And next week there is going to be the sweetest story! All about a little girl who got lost in Uncle Ed's hayfield.

THE MADCAP

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Run, wind, run!
You can't keep still.
Dash across the meadow,
Hurry up the hill;

Romp among the treetops,
Crying *April Fool!*
Wrinkle lake and river,
Ripple brook and pool;

Ruffle Mr. Robin
Till he sheds a feather;
Set the daisies nodding,
Bonnets all together;

Catch a kite and send it
Twirling far and high;
Blow the dizzy blackbirds
Straight across the sky;

Shake the newest blossoms,
Make their petals spill—
All the world forgives you,
For you *can't* keep still!

WHEN THE CHINA TEAPOT SANG

By Rachel Hartley

THE brown china teapot was jealous! Wouldn't you suppose she would have been satisfied to be beautiful, since there was no question at all about her beauty? Her gracefully rounded sides shone and sparkled as they curved up to the cover, and about her neck was painted the loveliest necklace of gold lines, pink, blue and white dots that looked for all the world like colored pinheads.

The whole trouble was that the plain aluminum teakettle on the front of the stove could sing. He was not the least bit proud about his voice; he usually sang because he was happy. Almost always the songs were gentle and soft, whispers of, "Ziss-a-riss-a-Ziss-a-riss-a." Sometimes, though, he became angry

whoosh!!" while his little round lid bobbed up and down, and his hot breath puffed out in clouds. He was always especially cross when his companion snubbed him.

Although the china teapot on the back of the stove held her nose proudly in the air, and never spoke to such a common vessel as the kettle, she was really jealous because she couldn't sing. She felt sure that she could do as well as the kettle, if she could sit on the front of the stove.

At last one day, when the grown-ups of the house were not at home, the little girls decided to have some afternoon tea, and the china teapot had her chance to sing. After the boiling water was poured over the tea by one of the children, she was placed on the front of the stove.

Although she soon began to feel uncomfortably warm, the teapot's heart was very happy, for surely and certainly she was beginning to sing! In a thin whine she said to the kettle, "I can sing as well as you." "I don't think it's as well at all," puffed the kettle.

The shining brown pot took a deep breath and tried her best to sing as loud as the kettle had sung, but the strain on the delicate china was too great, and with a sharp crack she broke in half. As the tea ran over the hot lids, the stove "Hissed!!" loudly, while the kettle crooned a quiet tune and said to himself, "I am glad that instead of being beautiful and delicate I am plain and happy."



(My! how his blood boiled!), and he would wheeze, "Whoosh-har-

THE GIRL WHO DID NOT BELIEVE IN FAIRIES

By
Pringle Barret



There was a girl of Ammerath
Who wandered down the fairies' path,
Declaring boldly as she went
That she had never cared a cent
For any of this fairy talk.
Indeed, she'd taken every walk
From Merrygorge to Danderzoo
And all around Magellan too,
And she had never seen a thing
That might be called a fairy ring.

(What will become, it's hard to say,
Of girls who reason in this way.)
The while she thought such things as that
The wind came by and blew her hat
Up! Up! Into the
thinnest air.
It never landed
anywhere!
It might have been the
wind, of course—
Sometimes it blows
with fretful force;



But then again—perhaps
—it might
Have been the fairies
out of sight.
It's never really
safe to say
That fairies don't
exist today.

Drawings by
HILDEGARDE WOODWARD

Miscellany

MR. PEASLEE GETS A LESSON IN GIVING

DEACON HYNÉ leaned over the low stone wall and watched Caleb Peaslee's movements with wonder.

"If my eyesight was as good as it was one time," he asserted, "I wouldn't hesitate to say you was sowin' flat turnip seed."

Caleb barely raised his head to reply.

"I be plantin' flat turnip seed," he said. "I know I've got the better part of an acre of 'em already, other side of the barn, but these turnips ain't a farm crop. They are for a kind of punishment, I guess I'd say."

"Once in a while," he continued, "I get a jar that fetches home to me how selfish a man c'n be, even when he thinks he's a pretty fair citizen; and then I set myself a job that'll keep me in mind of it."

"Yest'day mornin'," he went on, "we'd just about got through breakfast when I looked out of the window, and there was Mis' John Mapley comin' up the path; and both me and my wife wondered at it, for she don't commonly come to our house less'n she has a pressin' errand."

"But there she was, as I say, and my curios'ty led me to wait round and see what it was she wanted, though of course I figured it was only some sort of woman-doin's, but there I was wrong."

"She was in a gre't hurry and wouldn't even seddown; she jest leaned against the doorpost and made her errand known. Seems there's a foreigner fam'ly down below the grist mill, and in some way the man of the fam'ly managed to git a fall and break his ankle, six weeks or so back, and since that time they'd had pretty hard sleddin'."

"I'm tellin' you the way I look at it now," Caleb put in parenthetically; "but it ain't the way I was feelin' whilst I was listenin' to Mis' Mapley, for I sensed from her fust word that I was goin' to be asked to put my hand in my pocket, and my fur riz', same's any man's does when he gits the notion he's goin' to be asked to part with money. I was all ready to tell her how hard it was for me to lay hold of a dollar and that I wouldn't know where to turn to git one to give her—when Peter Carr drove into the yard. When I found out he wanted a couple bushel of turnips I left her talkin' and went out to the shed to git 'em for him."

"We bagged 'em up and then, as any man would, I took and helped him shoulder one bag, and then I laid hold of the other one and hove it up onto my own shoulder to fetch it along to the wagon for him—and

when we rounded the corner of the house I found my little plan hadn't worked; Mis' Mapley hadn't left. She was right there waitin' for me, and her mouth looked sot."

"I tipped the bag off'n my shoulder into the wagon-body, and Carr asked me what the price was, and I told him a dollar. He hauled out his calfskin and paid me and drove out of the yard, leavin' me there with the dollar bill still in my fingers; and b'fore I had a chance to git it in my pocket Mis' Mapley stepped along, brisk as a hen after a worm and picked it out of my fingers as cool 'sif she had a title to it."

"That was jest about what I figured you ought to give that stricken fam'ly, Kellup," she says, "and as for what you'd started to say to me about money bein' hard to come by, and not know'n where to lay your hands on a dollar—well, I wish't every man that I'm goin' to call on this mornin' would have as d'rect an answer as has jest been given to you!"

And then she ketched sight of my face—and I guess likely it did look kind of red."

"Now you look here!" she says, "don't you make this any excuse for a spell of temper after I've left. Don't you think of it as givin' a dollar at all; you jest think this: 'Out of all the last year's turnips I've give a poor fam'ly two bushel, that'll mebbe keep 'em from suff'rin' till that man's ankle gits well, or help to.'"

"It'd be a good plan for you," s'she, "if you'd go out and plant a piece of turnips sep'rate and call it your gift to the Lord. Don't figger it any part of your farm crop; jest plant it and tend it and harvest it—and put whatever you git one side, to use for times jest like this. And then when I come round again—or somebody else does—you've got a bushel, or two bushel, or whatever's needful, that you c'n draw on and not feel you're givin' an earnt dollar. Think of it that way," she says, "and it won't come so hard, when you have to give out of your plenty for them that's in hard luck!"

"And do you know, Hyné," Caleb affirmed soberly, "she was so earnest about it that I've follered what she said to the letter—so fur. And if I c'n only keep in mind what she said and how she looked, I shouldn't wonder if I found it easier to give next year. I sh'd cal'late, that I'd raise about sixty bushels of charity, with any kind of a yield!"

HOW THE MINISTER MISSED HIS CALL

MOST successful ministers have a sense of humor; that is a quality which makes them human and likable. Exercised in its proper place, it makes friends and awakens sympathy. But it is essential that it be kept under perfect control. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Van Ness, a well-known clergyman of Boston, tells in the Boston Herald a story that amusingly illustrates the damage an ill-timed yielding to the sense of humor can do to a minister's prospects.

A young dominie in Maine was once preaching a trial sermon in a church to which he wanted very much to be called. He did not receive the call, and when you hear why your sympathies may be divided between the minister and the society.

It happened that the pulpit commanded a view, through a side window, of the vegetable garden in the rear of the parsonage adjacent to the church.

Right in the middle of the sermon, when the preacher was holding forth with all the eloquence and power at his command, he happened to glance through the window, and his gaze fell upon the cook, a very substantial person, who had sallied forth to pull a cabbage for dinner.

The cabbage was firmly rooted and resisted her efforts. The cook braced her feet and tugged again. The cabbage let go suddenly and, taken by surprise, the good woman came as near to turning a back somersault as her portly figure permitted.

The spectacle was too much for the minister. He burst into a roar of laughter and fairly doubled up with merriment, while the tears ran down his face. The congregation was scandalized, and one of the deacons promptly gave out the closing hymn.

Of course the minister tried to explain

but of what avail were explanations in such a situation as that? But that was long, long ago, and he can laugh at himself and his absurd predicament now quite as heartily as he did at the cook and the cabbage on that ill-starred day.

ARE YOU AN "ARRANT" ANYTHING?

THE gay and delightful name of a serial story that has appeared in various newspapers—The Arrant Rover—is even more interesting than it sounds. For it might be translated "the roving rover." To the student of language it suggests some of our tautological compounds, such as sledge hammer, hedge fence and greyhound, which really signify hammer-hammer, fence-fence, and dog-dog.

"Arrant" is at bottom only another form of "errant," which of course means "wandering." In older writers the two forms are used almost indifferently, and we read of arrant knights, arrant preachers, bailiffs arrant, and "planets, or errant stars." But the once rather common phrases "arrant thief," "arrant robber," and the like, in which the original sense was "roaming," came to be interpreted "out-and-out thief," and so on. Then the adjective was applied to other words, not always in disparagement. We speak of "arrant humbug," "arrant nonsense," an "arrant miser," an "arrant Puritan." "Arrant" is like many of our intensive words, in having begun life with a very different meaning from the present one.

The twin word "errant" is most familiar in the term "knight-errant," which suggests to modern ears the romantic quest for adventure and generous, high-spirited redressing of wrongs and championing of causes. In one form the word has rather gone downhill; in the other, it has gone up.



Ask for
NEW
HANDY PACK
WRIGLEY'S
P. K.
CHEWING SWEET



3
Packs
for
5¢

Up the hill for
water . . . or on
any errand—for
work or play have
WRIGLEY'S
with you.

It's the treat
that aids teeth,
appetite and di-
gestion.

G16



Rivals the beauty
of the Scarlet
Tanager

Over-size
Duofold
\$7

Duofold Jr.
\$5

Lady Duofold
\$5

Red and Black
Color Combination
New Trade Mark
U. S. Pat. Office

This Man's Word is Law

Every Parker Duofold must be
O. K. with him to be O. K. for you

Virtually a hand-picked
product—Five times inspected
and writing tested

With Point Guaranteed for 25 Years

THIS man is the Chief Inspector in the Parker Pen Plant—his judgment of a pen's perfection is final. He and his corps of critical inspectors pass on each pen with as much fidelity as if they were paid by our pen patrons.

This infinite care costs us heavily in more ways than one. And you cannot expect such excellence of any other pen in existence.

Hand-size Grip, Over-size Ink Capacity, 25-year Guaranteed Point. Stop at the nearest pen counter and try it.

Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, \$4.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Parker
Duofold \$5

WITH LUCKY CURVE FEED AND 25 YEAR POINT

Grantland Rice, famous writer and authority on sports, says, "Without health there can be neither fun nor fame in sport.... Health means clear, quick thinking, pliable muscles, steady nerves, stamina and control."

And to this we add: "LIFEBUOY, above anything else, is the Health Soap."

Orange-red—the color of its pure palm fruit oil. Antiseptic odor (quickly vanishing) because it's the health soap.



Why Ted always beats out the ball

THERE'S ALWAYS a few of them in any crowd—the fellows who don't quite make the grade. Count 'em up in the bunch that comes out for the team this Spring.

They start off fine, but they don't last the way Ted does. In the big game, they get to first a split second after the ball. Get rattled and miss an easy pop fly to left field. Pitch a fair seven innings and then blow up.

Any coach—any athlete—will tell you that the difference between a middling player and a top-notch is not so much skill as the health that backs it up. That's why *health* is so mighty important if you're out to win—the vitality and stamina that turns the trick.

Keep clean and you're four-fifths of the way towards keeping healthy. Not just the hands

and face cleanness that gets by Mother's inspection, but the antiseptic cleanness that goes with a good swishing Lifebuoy bath *every day*.

Big athletes use Lifebuoy. It's their kind of soap. There's a *kick* to it—an invigorating, clean, he-man smell that you'll like instantly. Plaster yourself all over with Lifebuoy suds. Flood out all the perspiration and body waste that clog your pores every twenty-four hours—that pull down your vitality—keep you from "hitting on all six."

You'll never keep in top form unless your skin can *breathe*. Lifebuoy will make you feel fresh—alive—on your toes all the time. A *new* feeling of being clean—of tingling, vital health

—that will tell the story out on the diamond, on the track—in your school work, too.

Get your mother to stock up with Lifebuoy. Start the Lifebuoy daily bath habit tomorrow.

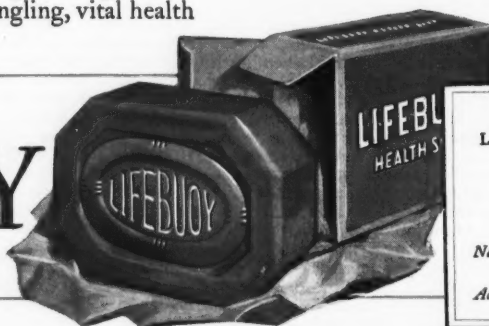
And here's a hunch! Send for this *free* Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart. Millions of fellows are using it enthusiastically. It's a great little checking up on your training habits. Fill out the coupon now and we'll shoot one along *pronto*.

WASH-UP CHART		Health Plan
Day	Wash-up	Notes
Monday		
Tuesday		
Wednesday		
Thursday		
Friday		
Saturday		
Sunday		

There are germs on almost everything you touch.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP



LEVER BROS. CO., DEPT. 7, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Lifebuoy Wash Up Chart idea sounds good. Send me one free, and a "Get-acquainted" cake of Lifebuoy Health Soap. I'll use both.

Name

Address